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LIKE A QUACK DOCTOR who tells you that if you had not called him in you would have been dead in two weeks, Mr. Hoover—the same Mr. Hoover who rebuked his opponents for "playing politics with human misery"—told his audience at Des Moines that the gold drains had "at one moment reduced the amount of gold we could spare . . . to a point where the Secretary of the Treasury informed me that unless we could put into effect a remedy we could not hold to the gold standard but [*sic!*] two weeks longer." There is no convincing evidence that this was true, and Senator Glass has now contradicted it directly:

At no period of the deliberations last spring and summer did any spokesman for the Administration privately or publicly express the slightest concern for the gold standard. . . . If any such phantom disturbed the mind of the President or any of his advisers they withheld the fact from those of us with whom they professed to be in frank and unconcealed discussion on vital legislative measures.

Senator Watson and Julius Klein, attempting to answer Senator Glass, contradict each other: Senator Watson makes the "moment" of the great gold crisis sometime in last February; Dr. Klein puts it in June—a difference of four

months in the date when we were just two weeks away from abandoning the gold basis! Most of us in America knew enough not to take Mr. Hoover's statement seriously; we understood that he was just throwing a scare into the voters to prove that only the Republican Party is capable of saving them from calamity, and that they owe him eternal gratitude. Europe, unfortunately, which does not understand these matters so well, took the President's statement seriously, and has been raiding the dollar again, while the Administration is busy proving that now everything is all right. But are the raids on the dollar illogical? If the head of a great New York bank were to assert publicly that last summer his bank was within two weeks of closing its doors, would it be surprising if some of the bank's depositors began to withdraw?

FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY Tammany Hall has nominated a typical henchman of the quite familiar type, John P. O'Brien, one of the poorest surrogates of the city. Totally undistinguished and little familiar with the workings of the government of the greatest city in America, now in the throes of a most dangerous financial crisis, he was selected by the bosses while the convention of some 20,000 delegates sat obediently waiting to be told for whom to vote. That he will do Tammany Hall's bidding there is no question. Mr. McKee, acting Mayor, who was so certain that he was going to run independently, forgot all about that as soon as Mr. O'Brien was nominated and his local boss from the Bronx decided to go along with the other bosses. Meanwhile the Republicans have nominated a seventy-one-year-old back-number, L. H. Pounds, who at his best never amounted to much. And so the betting is 25 to 1 on O'Brien. The independents were unable to act because of lack of an outstanding candidate and adequate time. It will be a walk-over for Tammany. Fortunately, Jimmy Walker has been definitely eliminated, on the surface because of his own letter of withdrawal, but perhaps because there was conveyed to him on his steamer the news that if he ran, Al Smith would take the stump against him and tell the truth about him. Fortunately, too, there will be another election a year hence. Meanwhile, as Morris Hillquit has decided to run for Mayor on the Socialist ticket, New York City will have one honest and fearless man to vote for. We believe that he will poll a record vote. One occurrence has now deeply stirred the city—the bipartisan deal by which Senator Hofstadter, the chairman of the recent anti-Tammany investigating committee, sold himself to Tammany for a judicial nomination. The bar has risen against this outrage, and an independent ticket is in the field.

THE NOMINATION of Lieutenant-Governor Herbert H. Lehman for Governor of New York State was forced upon Tammany by Franklin Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith acting together, with the result that these two chieftains came together, Al greeting the Governor with a cheery "How are you, you old potato?" The greater credit goes to Al Smith. For hours and hours the Tammany leaders

fought him in an endeavor to change his point of view, pointing out to him that Lehman had voted against him in Chicago, and had therefore been disloyal and should be punished. Al refused to be moved; if Lehman had made one mistake, that should not deprive him of the promotion he had earned. Al's formula from beginning to end was "I will nominate Lehman—no ifs and no buts." And to that he stuck, besides letting the Tammany leaders know that if Jimmy Walker were nominated for Mayor again, he would take the stump against him. As for Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, he has undoubtedly been a high-minded public servant within the limits of his beliefs and his party ties. Like Franklin Roosevelt he has not found it possible to say one word about the revelations of Tammany misconduct in the city of New York, from which he comes, and has sent fulsome congratulations to the Tammany mayoralty nominee—whom he hopes to meet "frequently during the campaign." But there is no denying that he is a forward-looking, progressive, public-spirited man, tremendously interested in labor and housing problems, who has served the public well in his office. As for the Republicans, as we said last week, they have chosen an excellent candidate in the person of Colonel William J. Donovan. He will make an aggressive campaign and give Mr. Lehman a hard race if he does not defeat him.

**H**E STANDS WITHAL as one of the foremost and greatest builders of American industrial empires. Others followed in the paths which he traced. . . . Thus read in part an unsigned paean of praise of Samuel Insull which appeared, quite fittingly, as a financial editorial in the *New York Times* for June 12 last. The same article assures us that "Mr. Insull fell, not because his ideals were wrong, but because of his persistent optimism at a time when others were curtailing their activity; because . . . he was forced to borrow over much, and . . . was unable to obtain the comparatively small amount of money that would have tided him over another year." The writer had no room for any sympathy with the masses who suffered the loss of several billions of dollars in the collapse of the Insull house of cards; he could only feel for the fallen king. The authorities have not been so kind to him. They have arrested brother Martin Insull, while the "foremost and greatest builder" has fled to Greece, whence his extradition is doubtful. These giants who only yesterday were lecturing America on the wickedness of government ownership, on how perfectly they were running public-service enterprises, are now under indictment for common swindling. The charge is that they helped themselves to resources of one company after another to bolster the earnings of other companies or their own loans. Incidentally it appears now that they sold their securities to a long list of friends, quite often politically prominent, in advance of issue, at half the prices the public had to pay.

**T**HE ADMISSION OF IRAQ into the League of Nations, which terminates the mandatory control exercised by Great Britain over that country since the World War, is being hailed as a triumph for the League mandate system. Iraq has secured its freedom, not as a result of revolution, but of peaceful international procedure. Our enthusiasm for this accomplishment is dimmed, however, by the fact that Iraq is to remain bound to Great Britain under

a twenty-five-year alliance concluded in June, 1930. By virtue of this agreement Great Britain is authorized to maintain air bases and troops in the country, while the Bagdad government promises to employ only British military instructors and to use armaments identical with those used by the British forces. Each party undertakes "not to adopt in foreign countries an attitude which is inconsistent with the alliance or might create difficulties for either party." Iraq also engages to employ certain British judicial and financial advisers. It is difficult to see how the League can justify admitting to its membership a state bound by an agreement which makes it a veiled protectorate of Great Britain. Admittedly, a newly established state may legitimately employ foreign expert assistance. But just as the Lytton report suggests that in Manchuria this assistance should be international rather than Japanese in character, so the League should have insisted that any continuing control over Iraq should not remain in the hands of a single Power.

**T**HE PRIVATE PAPERS of Gustav Stresemann, which are now being published in Berlin, have caused a mild sensation in the capitals of Europe, particularly in London. Among others, H. Wickham Steed, the noted British journalist, appears deeply concerned over what he considers the deception practiced by the late Foreign Minister of Germany in his relations with France and the League of Nations. The Stresemann correspondence, according to the summaries cabled to this country, suggests that the German statesman, while negotiating the Locarno agreements and seeking membership in the League for Germany, was actually using these ostensibly peaceful negotiations to embarrass France and cloak Germany's selfish foreign policy. This interpretation is read especially into certain letters Stresemann addressed to the former Crown Prince. In London the mere fact that Stresemann corresponded with the Crown Prince is viewed with dark suspicion. That Stresemann also advocated in these private letters "a solution of the Rhine problem" and "the reconquest of Danzig and the Polish Corridor, and modification of the frontier of Upper Silesia," as well as Anschluss with Austria, appears to the British observers sufficient cause to challenge the man's sincerity and integrity. These observers forget that there has never been any secret as to the ultimate goals of Germany's foreign policy. Stresemann was simply using the tactics employed by every diplomat in trying to advance what he considered the best interests of his country.

**T**HE GROWING SERIOUSNESS of the race problem in South Africa is again attested in the recently published report of the Native Economic Commission. Appointed by Prime Minister Hertzog, this body inevitably represented a conservative point of view. Nevertheless, its report frankly points out that in view of overstocking and overpopulation "the very existence of large numbers of natives in the reserves will, in the near future, be impossible." The policy of paying cheap wages to native workers is, moreover, injurious to the whites. The gap between the European and the native wage is so large that "there is a steady pressure on employers to reduce to a minimum the number of such European employees and to get as much of their work as possible done by natives." In other words, the cheap-wage policy in reality reduces the scope of European employment.

"The broad fact is that the population of the country can become better off only if more wealth is produced, and the most promising source for this at present is the Native Reserves." The report urges the economic development of the Native Reserves, according to the principles of scientific agriculture; it declares that it is necessary to increase the area of native-owned land. As the basis of native policy the adaptationist principle should be adopted, which means "taking out of the Bantu past what is good, and even what is merely neutral, and, together with what is good of European culture for the Bantu, building up a Bantu future." The new report merely emphasizes what previous investigations have brought out. It is doubtful, however, whether the Hertzog regime, dominated by the Afrikaners, will be able to carry out a really forward-looking program.

**FOREIGN AFFAIRS' TENTH-ANNIVERSARY** number lies before us, as usual containing some remarkable articles, as usual dignified, able, and very informative. A careful perusal of its table of contents for the period of its existence shows many articles by unquestioned experts, with a very strong percentage of contributions from dyed-in-the-wool upholders of the status quo, and from men in high office or distinguished by the conservative point of view. Political issues are usually treated in the grand old pre-war manner, sometimes by those who are themselves not too valuable leaders, which is perhaps to be expected when one reads that George W. Wickersham, Charles G. Dawes, Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, and Edwin F. Gay are on the editorial advisory board. None the less, its conservatism does not prevent its accepting articles from such radicals as Harold J. Laski and Karl Radek. Indeed, we have little quarrel with that conservatism. Every point of view should have its representation in journalism, and *Foreign Affairs* has certainly well presented the controlling opinion in international matters. We could, of course, wish that its editors and backers could face more realistically the facts of the lost World War and free themselves more completely from the war-time ideology. But whether they do so or not, they are performing a most valuable work in helping to make America better informed and more internationally minded.

**IN THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY** for September Colonel Frederick Palmer deplores the apathy of the present generation toward political questions and sighs for the days of the old Tippecanoe campaign when men were men and stepped out of their buggies to stand up for political beliefs. Very interesting and quite typical of the mighty colonel of war correspondents! Yes, but some people are aroused, even in these days. Who are they? Why, the liberal, labor, Socialist, and Communist groups, the people most despised by Colonel Palmer and the Legion crowd as "nuts" or pacifists or Bolsheviks. They are the only ones really stirred by the horrible condition in which America finds itself, with millions of its men, women, and children facing starvation through no fault of their own, while the Colonel's associates in the American Legion concern themselves only with trying to get a bonus out of the United States Treasury, and have neither intelligence nor patriotism enough to understand where progress lies, and what constitutes a genuine political program. Indeed, it is just the soft, complacent, Pollyanna type of mind which

Colonel Palmer illustrates that is the real stumbling-block to any political advance. It is the men who have ruled America for the past twenty years through the Republican and Democratic parties, and have allowed it to be controlled and prostituted by the great business interests, who are solely responsible for the present apathy of voters.

**EQUIPPED WITH A SMALL STAFF** of artists and writers and one page of advertising, the magazine *Americana* has issued its first regular number. Nor could there be a more appropriate moment for the appearance of this particular publication. It should be studied as a symbol and as a symptom of the times. It is the depression itself wrought in violent black and white. It is bitter without being revolutionary; humorous without being gay; savage and futile. After proclaiming themselves anti-Republican, anti-Democrat, anti-Socialist, and anti-Communist, its editors announce with horrid delight: "We are Americans who believe that our civilization exudes a miasmatic stench and that we had better prepare to give it a decent but rapid burial. We are the laughing morticians of the present." The morticians in question are Alexander King, Gilbert Seldes, E. E. Cummings, and George Grosz, the German artist. They are assisted by various contributors and, we suspect, by the make-up editor of *Ballyhoo*. This little child of the depression is neither pleasant nor wholesomely, vigorously unpleasant. It is merely unattractively sadistic. We suspect that George Grosz will presently be dropped from the staff. His drawings, to be sure, are sufficiently sardonic, but what of his philosophy? From the very midst of the miasmatic stench surrounding him he voices this sentiment: "I think America is a fine and astonishing land full of virile self-sufficiency. I hope to make my home here." What kind of a mortician is Mr. Grosz?

**EVEN AMERICANS WILL REBEL** if things go too far. At eight-thirty on a recent evening the populace of the United States, respectful if dubious, tuned in on Mr. Hoover's portentous speech in Iowa. At nine-thirty, accustomed to the prompt intervention of the omnipotent announcer, the listeners confidently awaited the President's concluding words. Confidently and also impatiently; for at nine-thirty on every Tuesday evening Mr. Ed Wynn comes on the air. But Mr. Hoover had only arrived at point number two of his twelve-point program. The populace shifted in its myriad seats; wives looked at husbands; children, allowed to remain up till ten on Tuesdays, looked in alarm at the clock; twenty thousand votes shifted to Franklin Roosevelt. Nine-forty-five: Mr. Hoover had arrived at point four; five million Americans consulted their radio programs and discovered that Ed Wynn's time had not been altered or canceled; two million switched off their instruments and sent their children to bed weeping; votes lost to Mr. Hoover multiplied too fast for computation. Ten o'clock: the candidate solemnly labored point number seven; too late to hope for even a fragment of Ed Wynn. What did the N. B. C. mean by this outrage? Whose hour was it anyhow? Ten million husbands and wives retired to bed in a mood of bitter rebellion; no votes left for Hoover. Did the Republican National Committee pay for the half hour thus usurped by its candidate? If so, we can assure it that \$5,000 was never less well spent.

# Mr. Hoover Praises Mr. Hoover

IT was an ironic jest that the stock market dropped from two to seven points on the day after Mr. Hoover had defended his policy in his long speech at Des Moines. He had told just how near the country had come to destruction; he had related his own superhuman efforts to save not only the country but the world, and described how successful he had been in doing so, and he had outlined a twelve-point program for the restoration of agriculture. And then the stock market broke badly, and with the stocks went down prices of foodstuffs, grain touching the lowest for May and July deliveries in the entire summer and fall. Whether this was because Wall Street was dissatisfied with the President's program or had lost confidence in his leadership, it is hard to say. But the fact is that the stock-market results which might have been expected to follow one of the so-called "radical" speeches of Governor Roosevelt took place after the longest address made by the savior of our institutions. We would not, however, deny that for the public as a whole, which is not conversant with all the facts and does not recall all the details of what has happened since the panic hit us in October, 1929, the President's speech was an effective one despite the monotony of its delivery. No less than 110 stations transmitted it across the country. Practically every citizen could learn for himself how pleased the President is with what he has accomplished, and how abused he feels because everyone does not take him at his own value.

Here are some of his gems: "Let's be thankful for the presence in Washington of a Republican Administration. I say this with full consideration of its *portent* [!] . . ." "Happily we have won the battle [against the depression]." "We fought the battle to balance the budget." "The very basis of safety to American agriculture is the protective tariff on farm products." As for the extent of the panic, we now learn that it was not, as he had said heretofore, altogether the result of troubles from abroad, but also of the fact that "our own speculative boom had weakened our economic structure." He admits that "there has been much of tragedy, but there has been but little public evidence of the dangers from which a great national victory has been achieved." And then, to thrill his listeners, he informed them that we were once within two weeks of going off the gold standard. All of this from the lips of the man who on March 9, 1930, informed his hearers that the depression was over, that there was little else than seasonal unemployment, and that within exactly two months from the date on which he spoke things would be normal again. As for the tariff, he has learned nothing. It is not only to be maintained; Mr. Hoover declares that "we will even widen that tariff further where necessary to protect agriculture." He admits that the reprisals which have taken place abroad have in largest measure been due to the tariff we have put upon our foodstuffs, but he glories in that fact and refuses to see the slightest connection between the tariff and the loss of our export trade. Of course, he quite overlooked the little item that our "balanced budget" shows a deficit of \$402,000,000 for the first two months of this fiscal year.

It is true that Mr. Hoover was able to cite useful things

accomplished, even great things, like the moratorium on foreign debts. For these achievements no one would desire to withhold credit from him. But this whole long speech is an afterthought; it is a grouping of the events of the past as if his remedies had moved in quick sequence at the moment they were needed and had always been actuated by the wisest consideration of the problem involved. Nothing could be falser. Many of these remedial measures were delayed so long as to have lost their effect in large degree. In several cases the remedies were brought forth only after Mr. Hoover had been kicked and driven into taking a stand. The truth is also that the battle has not yet been won. The fact that we are in a breathing-space or lull is something to give thanks for. But the President himself turns his back in this address upon some of the fundamental evils which must be rectified before we can hope for a complete recovery from our prostration. As long as the tariffs go unaltered and are even increased; as long as there is no genuine abolition of foreign debts; as long as there is no world-wide action on certain economic problems, it is impossible for anyone, least of all Mr. Hoover, to assert that his stewardship has been successful.

Effective as this speech may have seemed to the uninformed, it cannot have any decisive influence. Mr. Hoover is now paying the price for having destroyed public confidence in himself by his deliberate policy, and that of his aids, of minimizing and misrepresenting the actual situation, the gravity of the depression, and by the constant assertion that prosperity was just around the corner. What reason have people to believe that Mr. Hoover is now really putting all his cards on the table? He declared he was before, but there were a number of jokers in the pack. How can the public really feel that his record of achievement is what he says it is when it recalls that it is only within the current year that some of the most important remedial measures of which he is so proud were conceived and put into force? Why were they not put into effect earlier?

No, the defense is too thin. Mr. Hoover refuses to admit that the Republican policies of the last twelve years have had anything whatever to do with the financial and economic situation in which we find ourselves. As long as he does that, it is idle to take his address as anything else than that of the veriest special pleader. Nor will an amount of assertion by the President that he sympathizes with the man on the farm and on the street, and that his heart is torn by the great distress of the country, conceal the fact that this is the man who steadfastly opposes a dollar and is quite willing, rather than yield on that point, that the daily deaths by starvation in this country shall rapidly increase. This man whose heart bleeds so for the common people whose votes he wants is the man who used troops brutally to drive the bonus army out of Washington, and throughout his Administration has governed the country in the interest of the suffering corporations and big business men. It is the same man who is going to be overwhelmingly repudiated at the polls by the bulk of his fellow-countrymen on November 8 next.

## Action Against Japan

IN at least two respects the report of the Lytton Commission constitutes an outstanding state paper. First, it makes it clear that Japan has violated its obligations under the Kellogg Pact and the League Covenant. However much the great Powers may have wished to sidestep the issue, no government today can accept the Japanese contention that its military acts have been justified on the ground of "self-defense."

Secondly, the Lytton report conclusively refutes the contention of the Japanese militarists that the outside world wishes to strangle Japan. It demonstrates that Tokio's present course is destructive of the economic and political interests of the Japanese people, and recommends an alternative which, while safeguarding the sovereignty of China, will promote the development of Japanese trade and remove the political tension which the establishment of the puppet state of Manchukuo has created. We have little patience with the argument that the Lytton recommendations indirectly underwrite the fruits of Japanese aggression in Manchuria. The more we study these recommendations, the more it becomes clear to us that the adoption of the Lytton plan for an autonomous, demilitarized area in Manchuria, placed under the general protection of the world's peace machinery, would mean the end of Japan's exclusive economic and political position in that territory. At the same time, however, the plan would satisfy the legitimate needs of Japan to a far greater extent than does the present Japanese policy. As the report demonstrates, these needs vitally depend upon a Sino-Japanese economic rapprochement.

Despite these constructive proposals the Japanese militarists have impudently rejected the Lytton report. To them Manchuria is a "closed incident." The question confronting the world is how to meet this challenge. The situation is especially grave because the great Powers, torn by dissension among themselves, seem less willing than at any other time since the war to make any sacrifice in behalf of a new peace policy. There is little good in discussing a particular course of action against Japan until a common front is established among the great Powers. This is the first essential, but one which is far from being realized. Although the recent discussions of Norman Davis have done a great deal to align French with American policy, no progress has been made in solving Europe's great problem—namely, the failure of France and Germany to agree upon the issue of military equality. Despite the efforts of the arms-conference bureau, and despite the proposal for a four-Power conference at London—now postponed—France and Germany still remain at swords' points. Until this problem of equality is solved, there is no hope for effective action against Japan. Nevertheless, if Japan continues to defy the world, the result is bound to be international chaos. The only alternative—an alternative upon the adoption of which the future of civilization even may depend—is for France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States to come to terms upon a common disarmament policy. Something like this must occur or the League will begin to disintegrate. It faces its greatest test in the weeks just ahead.

Having once established a common front, the League

and the United States should proceed to act with deliberation but with firmness upon the Lytton report. As a first step they should formally request the Japanese and Chinese governments to accept the recommendations of this report. If the Japanese remain intransigent, the League and the United States should thereupon formally express the view that Japan has violated its obligations under the anti-war pact, the League Covenant, and the Nine-Power Treaty. Timid souls draw back from such an indictment on the ground that Japan might withdraw from the League and abrogate the Nine-Power Treaty. The real question, however, is whether a state which persists in flagrantly violating its international obligations can be allowed to remain in the League. How can Japan continue to sit on the Council, where it may pass judgment upon the acts of other states, when it defies the jurisdiction of the Council as far as its own acts are concerned? To allow an unrepentant Japan to continue to participate as a member, would be to commit a morally indefensible act, which might well mean the paralysis if not the death of the League. The conclusion, therefore, is unavoidable that if Japan rejects the Lytton recommendations, it should be expelled or at least suspended from League membership. The United States should associate itself with this action to the extent of withdrawing its ambassador from Tokio. If this stupendous moral condemnation is not sufficient to bring the Tokio militarists to terms, then, as we suggested weeks ago, an international embargo on arms and loans should be imposed against Japan and Manchukuo. Such a measure, while not resulting in war, would hasten the collapse of an already crumbling puppet state, and, we hope, might soon bring the Japanese people to their senses.

## "Keep Your Mind Open, Your Mouth Shut"

IT is the proudest boast of the American college that it "prepares students for life." We have never been quite sure what that phrase meant, but among other things it has apparently come to mean that it prepares them to expect the intolerance and repression which are rapidly becoming characteristic features of American life. Once our institutions of higher learning were supposed to cherish ideals. Once the privileged position of the institution and its students was supposed to be used for the purpose of permitting four years in a serener and more liberal atmosphere than was to be found outside. But today they seem determined both to concentrate their attention upon knowledge of the marketplace and cynically to imitate the methods of Rotary clubs and legionnaires in enforcing the most respectable uniformity of opinion.

Such, at least, is the impression which one gets from the latest reports of college activity. In Pittsburgh a County Court judge publicly rebuked the authorities of the University of Pittsburgh, who were said to have requested the arrest of three students accused of planning an anti-war demonstration and who, according to the judge, were guilty at worst of no more than a "trivial and insignificant" infraction of university rules. At the College of the City of New

York, President Robinson recently refused the request of the Student Forum to hold a campus meeting at which spokesmen for the Republican, Democratic, Socialist, and Communist parties were scheduled to appear. Finally, students at Columbia University have just discovered that sometime last August a new ruling was made which, in effect, deprives them of the right to hold any public discussions not first approved by the authorities.

The great prominence of Columbia, as well as the alleged liberalism of its president, makes its action of especial significance, and the facts are these. The Social Problems Club of the university called a meeting to be held at noon on Tuesday, October 4, to protest against Secretary of Labor Doak's ruling against the non-quota foreign students who are supporting themselves in American colleges. Immediately, however, the Social Problems Club was informed that the regulation unobtrusively adopted last August not only forbade all outdoor meetings but, at the same time, forbade all public indoor meetings unless they were approved and sponsored by a member of the faculty holding professorial rank. Almost immediately, moreover, the institution gave notice of the way in which it proposed to apply this rule, when through its secretary, Frank D. Fackenthal, it refused the use of the McMillin Academic Theater to the same club, which proposed to hold another meeting—this time to discuss the conditions of chain-gang labor.

We confess that we are amazed. We have frequently applauded the liberal pronouncements of President Butler, and last spring we sincerely believed that the outrageous expulsion of Reed Harris, editor of the *Columbia Spectator*, had been effected without his knowledge or approval. But President Butler must have approved of the new regulations, and it becomes increasingly difficult to reconcile his public utterances with his official acts. He is a liberal in politics; what is more pertinent to the immediate situation, he has always posed as a proponent of liberal education policies also. Again and again he has criticized the immaturity of the American student and lamented his inability to free himself from the apron-strings of his professors. Again and again Mr. Butler has called for independent research and free thought. His professed ideal for a university has always been the ideal of a group of mature scholars, each pursuing his own work with the instruments provided by the university. He has, moreover, gone even farther and made it clear that the independent labors to which he referred were not to be understood as purely academic, for he has publicly expressed his wish that the university community might become an important part of the larger communities of city and State. But how, we wonder, can President Butler suppose that his ideal university is to come into being if he himself is determined to treat his students as though they were grammar-school pupils?

If Dr. Butler is not really a liberal, we wish that he would stop posing as one. If he is opposed to treating college students as only children grown a little larger, we wish that he would stop saying that he approves the opposite policy. Despite his admirable public pronouncements it begins to look as though his ideals were exactly the same as those of a hundred little fresh-water colleges. We can think of only one slogan which would combine the two kinds of advice he gives to his students: "Keep your mind open but keep your mouth shut."

## Tenants on Strike

A SMALL and local event which seems to us to promise important consequences is the victorious rent strike recently conducted by the tenants of the Sholem Aleichem apartments in the Bronx section of New York City. The apartment houses in question were built about five years ago as a cooperative housing scheme in which some 240 families invested more than \$160,000. The cooperators were not mere heterogeneous apartment dwellers; they were a unique group composed largely of Jewish writers, artists, poets, sculptors, philosophers, teachers. Together they planned and built a group of fifteen buildings which housed, in addition to them and their families, their professional and communal ideals. There are studios and halls for lectures, concerts, and forums, a branch of Pioneer Youth, a kindergarten, two schools, organizations of various sorts. The tenants built their lives into these apartment houses and developed a sense of unity which explains all that followed.

First, when the depression cut their incomes, they lost ownership of the buildings through foreclosure. They continued to live there as tenants, however, and carried on all their communal enterprises. Their cooperative organization served as a tenants' organization, but under a landlord the place became neglected and run-down, although no decrease in rents was allowed. Finally, last April the tenants' committee demanded a 10 per cent reduction in rent and a general overhauling and repair of the buildings, and offered to pay half of the rent of all unemployed tenants if the landlord would cover the other half. An agreement was reached, and for several months the tenants' organization duly paid their share of the rent owed by their less fortunate comrades; but in August the landlord proceeded, in spite of his agreement, to evict four unemployed tenants and their families.

Immediately the strike was on, and it was unanimous. At a tenants' meeting a strike fund was raised to which needy artists and poets contributed their last available dollars. Pickets marched up and down in front of the buildings. In almost every apartment window hung a sign reading "Unemployed Evicted—Tenants on Strike." Dispossession proceedings were instituted against many of the families, but the organization countered by advertising in the papers for another house to accommodate all the tenants. The fight went on in the courts and in private conferences and in noisy mass-meetings. Despite the efforts of counsel for the tenants, eviction orders were issued against a large proportion of the families. But the strikers held firm and prepared, if necessary, to move out in a body.

As a consequence the strike was won. Every demand was granted in a conference held on September 24 in the offices of the New York Title and Mortgage Company. The four families actually evicted were moved back at the expense of the landlord, who agreed also to make needed repairs and renovations. All suits against tenants were discontinued and dispossession orders were vacated. The most important part of the outcome was the fact that the tenants' cooperative organization was recognized and dealt with by both landlord and title company. It was thus an impressive victory for collective bargaining in rent disputes, as well as for the embattled intellectuals and their unemployed comrades.

# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

## *Jew and Gentile in New York*

SO the Democrats have nominated for Governor of New York Herbert H. Lehman, a rich, ex-Wall Street banker, and the Republicans have played their best card in nominating Colonel William J. Donovan, an Irishman by descent, who made an excellent war record, and has been a valuable public servant since. Mr. Lehman is, of course, a Jew, one of that public-spirited and high-minded group of Jewish bankers who are ever ready to give of their means and their time for philanthropy and for public and semi-public enterprises. *The Nation* and I have received a good many protesting letters since our publication of an editorial which commended Mr. Lehman as a public servant and said that those who did not object to voting the Democratic ticket should take pleasure in recognizing merit in office by voting for Mr. Lehman. I have been asked, for example, to put a series of questions to that gentleman inquiring whether he believes in the existing order and whether he wants to see preserved the conditions under which he and his former banker and business associates have run the United States and told politicians what to do. That would seem to me to be a perfectly useless performance. It is obvious that an ex-banker who remains in the Democratic Party has not undergone a sea-change and turned liberal or radical. We were merely making a plea for the recognition of one who has honored his office in the years that he has held it by modesty, by fidelity, by ability, by industry, and by using excellent common sense. He has never shown himself unduly ambitious and, so far as we are aware, has stooped not at all to obtain the nomination for Governor. If anything, Messrs. Roosevelt and Smith have been more interested in his getting the nomination than Mr. Lehman himself. Granting his party regularity, there is only one severe indictment to be made against him, and that is that, like Governor Roosevelt, he has failed to speak out about the revelations of Tammany Hall corruption. If we have got to have elections for State officers in New York State along party lines, Mr. Lehman is a good man for the machine to offer us. The very fact that the boss of Tammany Hall opposed him as he did would seem to be proof of that. Personally I would much rather see Louis Waldman or Morris Hillquit in the governor's chair, because whether or not they were as able and experienced as Mr. Lehman, they would have their minds fixed upon the goal of a better social and political system.

Of course I am gratified that the Democratic Party dared to nominate a Jew for Governor, and it was a great satisfaction to see the Protestant Franklin Roosevelt and the Catholic Al Smith backing him unqualifiedly for the nomination. We have an enormous Jewish population in New York. It would be about the most un-American procedure possible if it should come to pass that a man could not be nominated for the highest office in the State of New York because of his race. And this applies to colored men just as it does to Jews. The one question is, after all,

whether a candidate is fit, whether he is honest, whether he is trustworthy, whether he is a true democrat, and whether he has vision. I am

well aware of the fact that there will be many votes cast against Mr. Lehman because of his race, just as there will be many votes cast for Colonel Donovan merely because his name is Donovan, with its flavor of Erin, and because he is a Roman Catholic. None the less I am profoundly grateful that we have this much of democracy left in America that a Jew can achieve the honor of getting the nomination of a great party (I mean great in numbers only) for Governor. Incidentally, the Republicans have nominated a Jew for the United States Senate, George Z. Medalie.

Colonel Donovan is a man of great charm, of unquestioned courage, and unusual ability. His war record, as I have said, is of the best. He took command of the 169th Infantry when other leaders had failed and brought it back an efficient military unit. His skill as a lawyer is very considerable, and his ambition to get ahead may be illustrated by the fact that he is one of the very few officers in the A. E. F. who continued his study of French after the Armistice. As Assistant Attorney-General he did well, was approachable, reasonable, distinctly liberal and broad-minded. Hoover definitely promised him a seat in his Cabinet. From various sources I have heard the detailed story of how our worthy President deliberately broke his word after promising Donovan the attorney-generalship, because, as he explained to the Colonel, he had heard that he could not put a Catholic from New York into his Cabinet, and he already had a New Yorker for Secretary of State. Colonel Donovan, I am glad to say, told Mr. Hoover exactly what he thought of him as a maker and breaker of promises; and Mr. Hoover had a very unpleasant ten minutes. Lately the Colonel has been supervising the tremendous undertaking of reorganizing the bankruptcy laws of the country. Personally I was so impressed with the man in the Peace Conference days in Paris that I ventured to prophesy then that he had a considerable career before him.

But here we are again discussing men and not measures. So far as the system goes, it makes really very little difference whether it is to be Donovan or Lehman. The same old kind of legislature will be elected, the same old creaking State machinery will continue, and there will be the same old deals in the legislature and the same old sham battles, with the men behind the bosses pulling the strings. Yes, we have had good Governors recently, Smith and Roosevelt, but they have hardly scraped the surface of what needs to be done. Neither of those men, for example, has achieved a reorganization and modernization of our prison system. Mr. Roosevelt could have achieved infinitely more if he had really devoted himself to it. As it is, the pot and the kettle are as much in evidence in Albany as in New York City, or in Washington.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

# Bad Drugs and the Law\*

By ARTHUR KALLET and F. J. SCHLINK

## ERGOT

FOR an extra profit of half a cent, American drug manufacturers have helped dig the graves of thousands of women dead of hemorrhage in childbirth. Half a cent per dose is the difference in cost between a medicine made from good ergot, which in many cases will control the hemorrhage sometimes following delivery and save the mother's life, and that from wormy, moldy ergot, which lessens her chance for recovery. But the manufacturers have chosen to use the wormy ergot, and save the half cent.

Although this is in direct violation of the official United States standard for ergot, the manufacturers of the extract have carried on their practices with the aid and encouragement of the federal Food and Drug Administration. From February to June in 1930 the administration's illegal acts in permitting certain manufacturers to recondition wormy ergot, and its laxity in the general enforcement of the food and drug laws, were described and defended before a Senate investigating committee. The administration was exonerated by Dr. Royal S. Copeland, a Senator who was not a member of the committee and who was referred to during the investigation as "counsel" for the administration. This exoneration was so worded and so timed as to appear to the public as exoneration by the investigating committee—which it was not. The committee, for some unknown reason, rendered no report. Let us, nevertheless, briefly review a few significant facts in the 2,000-page record of the hearings.

It was charged that American drug manufacturers were using dangerously contaminated raw ergot in a manner forbidden by the official standards; that many of the medicinal preparations of ergot on the market were practically impotent, and others poisonous; and that the administration was illegally endangering the lives of millions of women by permitting favored manufacturers to recondition wormy and moldy ergot without technical supervision.

What defense did the administration set up against these grave charges? Ergot, the administration claimed, was not an important drug; it was rapidly disappearing from American medical practice; and the best obstetricians no longer used it. This was grossly false defense, with the importation of the drug increasing from 160,000 pounds in 1925 to 300,000 in 1929. The testimony of one of the foremost American obstetricians that ergot had a most important place in his practice, and in the practice of physicians generally, further undermined the administration's defense. This obstetrician stated also that his experience indicated beyond question the dangerously low quality of the drug available for physicians' use.

To the final charge that favored manufacturers were permitted to recondition faulty ergot, the administration considered the necessities of business an adequate defense. The food and drug officials crowned the testimony on the adequacy of their drug control by proving that samples of the very best extract of ergot obtainable were inert and medi-

cally worthless. This ergot was part of the supply used in a Newark, New Jersey, hospital by one of the leading medical witnesses for the accusers, whom the officials sought to discredit by proving the worthlessness of his own drug supply, not realizing, perhaps, that in doing so they were damning their own control of the drug; his supply, having been shipped in interstate commerce, had been within their jurisdiction.

Evidence to show that good extract cannot be made from bad ergot was presented in abundance, yet the official countenanced a thriving business in de-bugging, de-worming, de-egging, and de-molding ergot. This practice was especially dangerous, because the testing of the finished product is a slow, costly, and uncertain process. But the manufacturers had to save their half-cent per dose. They were honest manufacturers of fine reputation. What if the administration's own experts did find that out of seventy-nine commercial fluid extracts examined, only one-fifth were up to standard; that of twenty-one commercial ergot "specialties," the majority were practically inert, and only one of satisfactory strength? What if the lives of mothers were endangered? The Food and Drug Administration cannot spend the money to supervise these "honest" manufacturers too carefully. Money must be saved so that another federal department can issue a booklet of advice to prospective mothers, which includes no advice on the avoidance of risks in childbirth due to impure drugs.

## ETHER

Next to its toleration of sub-standard ergot, we know of no more inexcusable and intolerable abuse of public confidence than the negligence and callousness that have characterized the administration's handling of the problem of impure ether sold to hospitals for anaesthetic use. In 1926 the Food and Drug Administration made the first considerable study of the ether on the market, and found 162 out of 470 cans—34 per cent—below standard, that is, adulterated and dangerously impure. In the next year 25 per cent of the samples examined were bad. The campaign so tardily begun resulted in a reduction of the defective ether to only 9 per cent in 1929. At present the federal Food and Drug Administration boasts that only 5 per cent of the tested samples of ether now entering interstate commerce are sub-standard. In 1929 the administration began to confiscate bad ether, for the reason, said Mr. W. G. Campbell, chief of the Food and Drug Administration, "that there has been brought about that general improvement in the quality of ether that there is no longer any need to treat it otherwise than in the conventional way." In other words, when the average quality of a medicine or drug is improved, the department proceeds by prosecution and confiscation. When the quality is so bad that 35 per cent is dangerous to use, the administration negotiates with the manufacturers in the hope that they will deal with the situation. All such negotiations were, according to the administration's own statement, treated as a private matter between the administration

\* "Poison for Profit," the book from which this article was taken, will be published soon by the Vanguard Press.—EDITOR THE NATION.

and the several manufacturers, and no announcement of any sort was made to the public concerning the dangers of the situation. The United States Army evidently felt that a more straightforward and less sentimental relationship with manufacturers obtained better results, for in the years 1923-25 it rejected, because of the presence of prohibited impurities, 50,000 out of 70,000 cans delivered on the contract of one of the best American manufacturers.

As in the case of fluid extract of ergot, the administration's final line of defense was, according to the testimony of one of its witnesses before the Senate investigation committee, that ether below the government standard was probably harmless anyway. The average hospital patient, whose risks at the time of a major operation are quite enough without his having to assume the added and unnecessary risk of impure ether, will resent the implication that he should act as a hospital-bed basis of tests for a product bad enough for rejection by the army, and below the official standards of the United States Pharmacopoeia.

The casual way in which the extreme hazard of the operating table is dealt with by the federal authorities can be shown clearly in another illustration. More than a carload (amounting to 140,000 quarter-pound cans) of deteriorated ether—which had been in storage for years and was far below the prescribed quality—was sold to one Sidney Cohen, trading as the Pacific Chemical Company. This residue of war-time stock, purchased for surgical use by the army fifteen years before, lay in government storage until 1926, at which time the whole lot was condemned by the army and offered for sale at auction, under bond, with the proviso that it should not be used or resold for use as an anaesthetic, but only for technical purposes. Twenty-nine thousand of these cans, bought at seven cents a can, labeled "the best that can be made . . . superior in vital respects to the ether of the United States Pharmacopoeia," were sold at *seventy cents* a can to hospitals for anaesthetic purposes, over a period of three years, from 1926 to 1929. The remainder was finally confiscated, and in December, 1931, Mr. Cohen was fined \$200. He is now—six years after the offense—under indictment, with others, for conspiracy.

Manufacturers and the Food and Drug Administration, seeking every possible defense for their evident negligence, stressed greatly the manufacturers' explanation that ether deteriorates in the cans after manufacture. (This leaves unexplained the remarkable decrease in percentage of bad ether in succeeding years.) They did not account for the fact that a good deal of the ether was rejected for defects of a type which were clearly independent of conditions or length of time of storage, however diligently one might seek to excuse the trouble. The finding of acidity and residues in defective ether was a clear indication that the ether was faulty in manufacture, and it should have been proceeded against as an impure or adulterated drug shipped in interstate commerce.

The following condensed record of Notices of Judgment showing successful prosecutions will demonstrate the prevalence of the dangerous adulteration of anaesthetic ether and the very great extent to which nearly all leading manufacturers produced and shipped an impure product. During the period of September, 1929, to April, 1931, more than 5,000 one-quarter to one-pound cans of ether were seized from shipments of the following companies and condemned

to be destroyed or forfeited to the government: J. T. Baker Chemical Company, Ohio Chemical and Manufacturing Company, Mallinckrodt Chemical Works, Merck and Company, American Solvents and Chemical Company, Milton Elias Company, and the Brewer Company.

#### PRESCRIPTIONS

About 165,000,000 prescriptions are filled annually in the 60,000 drug-stores of the United States. This is equivalent to about eight prescriptions per day for each drug-store. Many small drug-stores fill only one or two prescriptions per day. Nevertheless, they must have on hand hundreds of drugs, any of which may be called for. Some of the most vital of these drugs, such as digitalis, which is used in heart disease, and ergot, used in childbirth as described above, deteriorate rapidly; yet the same stock may be used month after month, even for years, until the last dead drop is gone. Aside from drugs which are subject to deterioration, a large percentage of prescription compounds, including both those prepared by the druggist himself and those purchased from drug houses, depart from the legal standards set in the United States Pharmacopoeia and the Formulary. The great majority of such preparations are not included in these standards and are therefore subject to no control whatever, since no legal standards of quality, method of manufacture, freshness, or potency apply to non-standard drugs. Very few States check the quality of drugs used in the compounding of prescriptions. In Connecticut and Massachusetts, where a competent but very limited check is made annually, the results are not encouraging. In the former State 30 per cent of all drugs tested in 1929 and 1930 were sub-standard or misbranded. In Massachusetts, of 143 drugs tested in 1930, 20 per cent were sub-standard. The quality of drugs used in most other States is undoubtedly worse, for the reason that not even an attempt at control is made.

When we come to the final stage, the actual compounding of prescriptions, the picture is even more unsatisfactory. Nowhere, apparently, is any general periodic check made of the druggist's accuracy in filling prescriptions. On one check in the District of Columbia, of 100 prescriptions filled for inspectors of the federal Food and Drug Administration, 67, or *two-thirds*, were filled unsatisfactorily. Unfortunately, lack of jurisdiction prevents the federal officials from checking prescriptions outside the District of Columbia, since interstate commerce is not involved, and lack of funds prohibits their doing it in the District except in an isolated instance. As with the drugs themselves, however, the lack of any control of the compounding of prescriptions in the various States, except possibly New Jersey, probably means that the percentage improperly filled, or filled with weak drugs, or drugs of excess potency, is even larger.

The blame for this state of affairs cannot, however, be placed on the individual druggist. The total retail cost of prescriptions filled annually in the United States is about \$140,000,000, according to the Committee on Costs of Medical Care. The committee also estimates that \$20,000,000 is spent annually on bromo-seltzer. Thus seven fast-selling remedies like bromo-seltzer would bring the druggist as much business as all his prescription-filling. The fault lies less with the druggist than with a drug and prescription dispensing system which mixes a minor profession with a major business.

# Behind the Cables

By E. D. H.

*Berlin, September 18*

**H**EAVEN only knows what is going to happen to the forsaken Hitler. At the moment he is a confused and beaten man. I am not in his personal confidence, but his close friends make no attempt to conceal his anger and dismay. His bitter statement that he is forty-three and Old Paul eighty-five and that he can therefore afford to wait is so much bluff. **WHAT BEAT HITLER?** Adolf Hitler knows as well as you and I that his crest has been reached, his moment is slipping by, and that he has a good chance of becoming an interesting historical curiosity unless he is able to do something pretty quick. "Men of destiny should not wait too long outside the door."

But what can he do? A truly horrible choice confronts him. Perhaps by the time these lines are in print the situation may be radically changed; political prophecy is always dangerous, and never more so than in Germany just now. Trying even to keep abreast of the news is like fishing blindfold in a river running backward. Adolf has been forced to such ignominious compromises as his effort to form a coalition with Brüning, and to such somersaults as his belatedly frantic support of the Reichstag which for nearly ten years he hoped to abolish. These have failed. Likewise the saturation-point of his voting strength has probably been reached. Hitler must either confess himself the most disastrous flop in post-war history—or make a revolution.

And to make a revolution just now is not easy. Watch this man Schleicher. He has only just begun to do his stuff, and he is genuinely tough. What can Hitler and his shock troops do against Schleicher's Reichswehr, to say nothing of the Steel Helmet lads who rendered homage to Papen in the most blatantly monarchist demonstration Berlin has seen since the days of the late-lamented partnership between Almighty God and the Emperor Wilhelm? Adolf is of course flirting with Schleicher. He is even desperate enough to think at least of the possibility of joining forces with the Social Democrats. But unless they have gone crazy, they will have none of him. Hitler has discovered a bitter truth, to wit, that any right party will be beaten in the long run by any party which stands farther to the right, just as, by and large, left parties usually succumb to more radical lefts. These are tough days for moderates wherever they happen to be.

What beat Hitler? I hesitate to bring up a matter which has been conscientiously avoided for many years by the Berlin correspondents. It is a conclusively established fact that many of his close friends, notably Captain Röhm, leader of the shock troops, are homosexual. About Adolf himself, as about the whole Brown House menagerie, there is a discouraging atmosphere of effeminacy which can scarcely have endeared him to that part of Germany which adores the blunt masculinity of Hindenburg and Schleicher. The ascetic Brüning had an intense personal aversion to Hitler; he could not endure to be in the same room with him. It is certainly not implausible that Hindenburg too detests him as

a man, and that this fact has made their personal relations difficult, to say the least.

I will not go into the Reichstag comedy. Things are moving too fast. Presumably Papen can dissolve it, order new elections, and dissolve it again, on and on till kingdom come. I would mention, however, the disarmament imbroglio. Do not take too seriously Schleicher's demand to rearm. Anyone in Berlin over the age of two knows that German foreign policy has been directed for thirteen years exclusively toward the destruction of the Treaty of Versailles. The steps in this policy have come with relentless and almost mathematical precision. Germany, in turn, sought and got freedom from Allied military control, freedom for the Rhineland, freedom from Allied financial control, freedom from reparations. The Anschluss adventure was not so happy, and Poland will not be brought into serious play for some years to come. But that Germany would sooner or later split the disarmament racket wide open must have been obvious to a child.

On the other hand, I should like to point out that Schleicher, for purposes of bargaining, has considerably overstated his case. His speech was not entirely free from hints of *chantage*. Moreover, he wanted a great big international sensation and he got it, and it gave him another thing he wanted, a smoke screen behind which he could kill the Reichstag at home. Additionally, it took the wind once more from poor Adolf's sails. The French know this very well. They are quite willing, I understand, to make considerable concessions. If only Schleicher does not bellow too loud, he may get a good deal.

The Stresa conference got a great deal of attention in Europe, and almost none, I hear, in America. Only two American newspapers sent correspondents there. Trainloads of Frenchmen and Germans swarmed over the place, the French contingent being led by the redoubtable Sauerwein, even though he has lost his fine job on the **SALVAGE AT STRESA** *Matin*. The conference was a great shock, by the way, to those international journalists who for so many years have been letting the League's information section do their work for them. There were hardly any press facilities at Stresa at all, in contrast to the truly admirable Geneva organization.

The conference was held in Italy as a *beau geste* to Mussolini, who was so hurt at being ignored at Lausanne that he went so far as to get rid of Grandi, who had been marvelously useful for years as a sort of fall-guy. Grandi's job was to make the public mistakes. Of course the liberal press of the world had something to do with Grandi's fall. Benito reads his press cuttings even as does Hoover, and his friends say that he began to get a bit bored at the flattering unction continually laid to Grandi's soul by such sheets as the *Manchester Guardian* and in America by the *New Republic* and *The Nation*. Sensitive Italian feelings were somewhat assuaged at Stresa. Some sort of quite decent agreement may come as a result of the conference.

Evil souls in Madrid give me information which I hesitate to credit, which, indeed, I pass on with the severest caution. Could the Sanjurjo trial have been a frame-up? Of course it could not have been. Acaña and Zamora are shrewd politicians, but they could hardly have arranged such a matter even if they had wished. The fact remains, however, that Sanjurjo's abortive monarchist coup d'etat came at exactly the right moment for the new republic. Nothing could have played more neatly into the government's hands. It was overwhelmed with a new manifestation of popular support; and on the strength of it managed to sneak through the Cortes the long-fought Catalanian statute and, especially, the land-reform bill which will make the Duke of Alba and other Spanish grandees in Parisian exile join the Russians there in learning to become good, or bad, taxi drivers. It is quite some land reform, I understand.

*Geneva, September 25*

Geneva would seem to have plenty of things to worry about these days, even if the unpleasant word disarmament had never been coined, and even if the island of Japan should sink suddenly and happily beneath the sea. For one thing, there is the pressing question of succession to Sir Eric Drummond, who has stood ten years of Geneva fog and will not stand another. Drummond has been promised the Paris embassy, the story goes, if the British Cabinet can figure out something to which it can promote Lord Tyrrell, who is unpopular with some of his bosses. Drummond will be missed. He was a super-civil servant of more than ordinary powers—disinterested, perfectly sincere, and extremely reticent. Does everyone know the story—perhaps apocryphal—of how he got his job? Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau had argued the appointment for weeks. No one would fit. Clemenceau lost patience and said to Lloyd George: "Look over your shoulder, we'll pick that fellow there." Astonished heads were turned to Drummond, then Lloyd George's secretary. "I've seen him here every day for months," Clemenceau explained, "and I've never heard him say a word—an ideal man for the job."

A few candidates for the office of secretary-general are hovering about, and the choice, as in Drummond's case, will probably fall to someone relatively obscure. Sir Arthur Salter would be a perfect secretary-general, but there is a good deal of feeling against giving the job to a Britisher again. Madariaga of Spain is a possibility. Avenol, the Frenchman who is Drummond's first assistant, thinks he ought to have the job, but luckily there is no one else who thinks so.

Another very distinct worry is finance. Only 64 per cent of the League's budget has been received this year so far. China has been in arrears for years, as have most of the South American republics. The German decision to pay its contribution not in Swiss francs at Geneva but into an account in Reichsmarks within Germany, wherewith the League may presumably purchase supplies toward the erection of the new building, was a distinctly unpleasant surprise. It means a loss to the League of \$540,000 a year, and this sum is not to be sniffed at in the present state of Geneva finances.

What really faces the League is a major crisis, that which would occur if Germany, Italy, and Japan should all three leave Geneva. This is not a probability. It is not even, at the moment, a possibility. But there are long faces in the Calvinist darkness, despite outward good humor, when unfriendly spirits agree that whereas Germany and Italy may never withdraw officially from Geneva, they might well be satisfied for a time to send third secretaries from Berne as delegates to the Assembly and Council. More even than being cut dead, the League hates being snubbed.

The German withdrawal from the conference is perhaps not so serious a matter as it may seem, and various high German dignitaries tell me that Papen and Schleicher rather wish that they had not closed the door with such a slam. In fact, by the time this is in print, a German emissary may quite possibly be flirting in the corridor.

What is going on, in fact, is a high-powered game of diplomatic chess. Germany, having got rid of reparations by the exceedingly simple process of offering in return for freedom from reparations a recession from an exaggerated bargaining claim, wonders if it cannot adopt the same tactics in regard to disarmament. The Germans leave the conference and threaten to build. Now France will have to pay for German readmittance with some sort of concession. It is far too early to say what this concession will be, but the French are in the same position as they were at Lausanne. They know they will have to give something or force the show-down that they in turn are exceedingly anxious to avoid. Meantime, the French also put forward pawns which they too are only too eager to snatch back. Witness Herriot's threat, answering Germany's departure from the conference, to bring forward his secret dossier on illegal German armament. Things are getting warm, but not yet exactly hot.

Henderson is a sick man. He continues to demand active direction of the conference, what there is left of it, but Benes and Madariaga are doing most of the work. It is now painfully clear that Uncle Arthur's split with MacDonald broke not only his career; it broke his heart and health. And MacDonald is himself to some extent responsible for the awful floundering now going on. He has snubbed the disarmament conference consistently, and such is his vanity, and also his unbounded power and prestige, that some of my friends in Geneva frankly suggest that a way be devised for moving the conference to London, Lausanne, or some other MacDonald bailiwick. He will not give Geneva an inch of life so long as Henderson is in charge, and Simon, his yes-man, is the worst douche of pure cold water the disarmament negotiations have ever known.

As to the Japanese, no one knows what to do. They are wild enough to quit Geneva. Most of my friends hope—vainly—that the League will have the sense to realize this, and simply throw them out. Of course I am using non-Geneva language. The League, which has executive powers only when its sovereign members agree on policy, and not always then, cannot, alas, throw anyone out. The way to do it would be to give unequivocal support to the Lytton report, which of course censures Japan. But this is to hope for far, far too much, as long as England and France, themselves with unclean hands, tacitly support Japanese policy. Meantime France is the only important friend the League has left. A lamb thrown to the lions!

# Can Roosevelt Carry California?

By ROBERT E. WADE, JR.

*San Francisco, September 28*

G OVERNOR ROOSEVELT has smiled his way through the State of California, and many a Californian is now wondering whether the genial Democratic candidate is America's Messiah, after all. Roosevelt's candidacy has been well built up in California, whose primary vote was secured for Garner largely through the prowess of McAdoo. When the actual nomination was accomplished at Chicago with the helping hands of two Californians, McAdoo and Hearst, southern California was jubilant, and pro-Smith northern California was, if not openly joyful, at least graceful in resignation. McAdoo is a power in the land "south of the Tehachapi," and Hearst is no bugbear to most Californians—his five newspapers in the State have a combined daily circulation of nearly a million, and, besides, he *lives* in California.

Governor Roosevelt received continuous attention out here while the Walker affair was in progress. Not long before, Walker had come tripping out to insert his begloved thumb in the Mooney mess; and Californians, who are still amazingly divided as to the right and wrong of that case, took a keen interest in Governor Roosevelt's handling of the accused Mayor. Generally, they thought the Governor tactful and firm. As he swung into his real campaign activities, he made a better and better impression. The stock markets in Los Angeles and San Francisco were increasingly active; there was a noticeable improvement in many State business indices; and somehow, perhaps because emotionally they associated hope and Roosevelt in their minds, many Californians thought better of the Governor every time they observed a new indication of better times. Before reaching California he had touched upon such matters as agriculture, railroads, public utilities. But Californians wanted to know how he stood on a food-products tariff, an oil tariff, and the bonus—California legionnaires had swarmed to the Portland convention boiling with anti-Hoover indignation because of the B. E. F. outrage; and the rank and file had returned home violently pro-bonus.

At his first formal stopping-place in the State, Sacramento, Roosevelt turned an adroit political handspring by publicly complimenting the progressive intelligence of Senator Hiram Johnson. It may be that Roosevelt had in mind that fateful day sixteen years ago when Charles Evans Hughes snubbed Johnson at Long Beach, to have California shortly thereafter swing the Presidency by a vote of Hughes, 462,394; Wilson, 466,200. In any case, the Senator presently tossed a reciprocal bouquet to the Governor, which was widely construed to mean that he favored Roosevelt over Hoover.

When the Democratic candidate arrived in San Francisco, an uproarious mob met him, and crowds lined Market Street as he drove to his hotel. The charm of his smile and gracious personality was infectious. Old-timers said they had never seen a political visitor received so vociferously. This was not surprising, however, in northern California, which is much more Democratic than the southern part of

the State. San Francisco four years ago gave Smith 96,632 votes to Hoover's 95,987; Los Angeles voted for Hoover 513,526 strong, but gave only 209,945 to Smith.

The next day at noon Roosevelt appeared before the influential Commonwealth Club of San Francisco and delivered a brief, business-like talk which gave his hearers the impression that he was a well-read and intelligent man of affairs, but which cast no new light on controversial subjects—the Republican press claimed this speech had been prepared with professorial collaboration. His schedule called for an appearance at the Civic Auditorium at eight o'clock that evening. By seven the hall's capacity of 12,000 had been reached, and in the next hour as many more were turned away from the doors. Here were voters hungry for hope, worried by the apparently endless downward road of depression; judging from their expressions, what they mainly wanted was to be convinced that things would soon be better, that they could soon stop wondering where the next pound of margarine was coming from, and start eating their *thing* of real butter. They were praying for the promise *thing* new deal in the game of government. And Roosevelt gave them sympathy, heartening words, a stimulating smile. *Now the* except for a complaint that the "distinguished gentleman" in Washington would not debate with him, he gave them little else. When the speech was over, the crowd seemed to be in fine fettle; here was a great man—he smiled and you felt better right away, he told you what splendid days were coming and you forgot your worries. But when the smile's gentle intoxication had worn off, San Franciscans began to wonder. Was there anything to the man but smile?

Smiling as ever, Roosevelt swung on southward. Wherever the train stopped, a crowd was waiting, and at the one-horse stations where no stop was scheduled, crowds waited anyway just to wave a hand in greeting to the man who embodied the new hope. At Los Angeles, San Francisco's rousing reception was repeated with new emphasis. When the Governor's car stopped near the City Hall, Mayor Porter, fiercely dry, reconsidered his decision to ignore Roosevelt and rushed out to shake his hand. Presently the Governor spoke before the Roosevelt-Garner Republican Club of Los Angeles, an active group of mavericks in what is normally a preponderantly Republican territory. But he said nothing that had not been expected of him. Thirty thousand people had gathered in the Hollywood Bowl by the time Roosevelt got there. The Bowl is where the more sensitive citizens of Los Angeles spend their summer evenings in the emotional glow induced by first-class symphony music. The Democratic candidate produced a similar effect by smilingly pledging, as he had at San Francisco, a new deal. The heart of his speech lay in the statement: "I promise you an understanding heart."

Northern California Republicans had let Roosevelt come and go without so much as a thumbed nose. But the Hooverites of the south were not so docile. Before the Governor had flashed his final smile to San Francisco, C. C. Teague had spread through the puissant Republican

press of southern California a list of ten pointed and barbed questions for Roosevelt to answer. Teague, long one of the most prominent figures in southern California's organized agriculture and former member of the Federal Farm Board, is chairman of the Republican Campaign Committee for southern California. To such of Teague's queries as What about the Garner bill? Roosevelt of course paid no attention in his Hollywood Bowl speech. But at least the Republicans had shown they were aware of his presence.

That evening the Governor appeared in the company of McAdoo and Hearst—and Marion Davies—at one of Hollywood's lavish movie reviews. And before long, still smiling, he boarded the Pioneer and set forth for Arizona and the East. In southern as well as in northern California he had, despite the benevolent presence of vote-getting McAdoo, failed to live up to expectations. More charming and polished than Californians had anticipated, he fell below their preconceived notions of Roosevelt the potential resident.

But what had Herbert Hoover been doing all this time? Californians had already shown disapproval of their adopted son's execution of the White House job—in the Republican primary the Administration wheelhorse, Samuel Shortridge, had been refused the Senatorial nomination in favor of young Tallant Tubbs, to the tune of 215,000 to 200,000. In 1928 they had understood Hoover's policy of ignoring his Democratic opponent; times then were good and getting better, and Herbert had no reason to suppose the nation would want to change its administration. Indeed, the State went almost two to one for Hoover then, with 1,162,323 votes for him, 614,365 for Smith, and only 19,595 for Norman Thomas. But this year matters were sharply different. No matter what the fundamental causes, Herbert Hoover had been President while prosperity sickeningly turned into depression. And when a new man came along with a promise of better things, Californians wanted to know why the citizen they had helped to elect refused to come out of his office and talk things over. After the rollicking song of prosperity had ended for the nation, its melody lingered on a while longer in California, but for many long months her workers have felt the pinch of real hardship and they are in no mood to close their ears to legitimate hope. The Hoover-sponsored federal building projects and "reconstruction measures" have made little visible impression on California, no matter from what depths they may have saved the State, and a large part of the voters can find little in Hoover's attitude to indicate consideration for the plain man.

The State's Republican press has done a good deal to deepen this sense of doubt. Faithfully it has helped the formation of new federal committees for the relief of various kinds of industrial distress, but toward the election contest it has developed an attitude almost wholly defensive. With respect to Roosevelt's candidacy, it chiefly and frequently points to the questionable connection between the Governor and Hearst, implying that this year a Democratic victory will mean a nation ruled, behind the throne, by a megalomaniac and irresponsible newspaper publisher. Among old-line Republicans this charge is valid, and good for a glow of righteousness every time it is made. But California is not characterized by old-line voters. The State's population has approximately doubled since Hughes snubbed Johnson. Its present total is 5,677,251. A great many of these two-

million-odd new citizens are transplanted Midwesterners, predominantly middle-class. Normally they would be Republicans, but their capacity for investigating new horizons is indicated by their westward movement. And under present circumstances their vote is likely to go either way.

Another consideration sets California apart from the typical State. California is heavily urbanized: 73.3 per cent of its inhabitants live in cities, as against a national average of only 56.1 per cent. Here again, with such a considerable proportion of voters gathered together in cities, the impulse to change gets freer expression. City dwellers, less isolated from their fellow-men than the rural citizenry, are more constantly exposed to political propaganda; when a shift of political sentiment gets under way, they are inclined to swing with it en masse. But California's normal Republican majority is in the neighborhood of half a million out of a registered total of about 2,500,000. And despite all the anti-Hoover circumstances, to bring enough of that half-million for a State majority into the Democratic camp will take more definite indications of leadership than Roosevelt has yet shown.

The situation is complicated by local politics. State organizations in both parties are harmonious enough, with the Smith-Garner-Roosevelt factions functioning smoothly among the Democrats, and with no apparent rift among the Republicans. But the Senatorial fight is a strange thing, in relation to the national parties. The Democrats, whose national platform drips with anti-prohibition sentiment, have nominated McAdoo, long an ardent dry, more recently an indeterminate subscriber to the party platform, over Wardell, an out-and-out wet. McAdoo has tremendous influence in southern California, where he lives, and that influence has been enhanced by his connection with Roosevelt. The Republicans, whose national platform is comparatively weak on the anti-prohibition question, have nominated a thirty-five-year-old San Francisco rope manufacturer and State senator, Tallant Tubbs, largely because of these two facts: (1) his chief opponent was pro-Hoover Samuel Shortridge; and (2) Tubbs harped upon his definitely wet sentiments.

These two candidates, in relation to their national parties, are oddly enough aligned. But when you consider that a large proportion of southern California voters are still violently dry, the importance of a third man becomes evident. The Reverend Bob Shuler, southern Californian extraordinary, characterized by the press by such adjectives as "intolerant," "bigoted," and "mountebank," is a raucous broadcaster of radio religion. He inserted his name into the primary tickets of the Prohibition, Republican, and Democratic parties. When the smoke of the primaries cleared away, it was discovered that he had polled more than 20 per cent of both the major parties' totals. Since the August voting he has been vigorously consolidating his position with the dry element, and one man's guess is as good as another's as to which candidate's strength he will weaken most. He might even win, since his consolidated primary vote totaled more than 290,000, as compared to McAdoo's 263,000 and Tubbs's 215,000.

The chances seem good, however, for Tubbs—who is using autogyros, radio, newspapers, and other means of getting himself before the people with all possible diligence—with northern California solidly behind him and southern California neatly split between McAdoo and Shuler.

# "Len Small—Back to Prosperity"

By IRVING DILLIARD

*Chicago, October 5*

FOUR years ago last April the good Republicans of Illinois, assisted by many good Democrats, went to the polls and by an overwhelming vote turned Len Small out of the governor's chair. When all the Republican primary ballots were counted, "Honest Lou" Emmerson, Mt. Vernon banker and Secretary of State, had 1,051,556 votes against 611,763 for Mr. Small, the Kankakee rhubarb-grower who had moved into the Executive Mansion at Springfield as Warren G. Harding took up his residence in the White House. Getting rid of Small was a good job, and the State of Abraham Lincoln heaved a sigh of relief.

That Len Small would attempt a come-back four years later no one dreamed. The scandals which had blighted his years as governor seemed sufficient to send any man into retirement for the rest of his life. He had been required by the Illinois Supreme Court to pay into the State Treasury some \$650,000, adjudged illegally withheld when he filled the post of State treasurer; he had appointed Frank L. Smith to represent Illinois in the United States Senate after a slush-fund investigation had revealed that Smith, while chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, had accepted a gift of \$125,000 for his campaign fund from Samuel Insull, then seated atop his monstrous utility pyramid. Small was done for, everyone agreed, and having agreed, forgot about him.

Illinois could hardly believe its eyes when the newspapers last fall carried the announcement from Kankakee that Len Small was going to run again. The good Republicans reminded themselves that Small had received the defeat of his life in the 1928 primary. A discredited man who had been buried in his last campaign under a majority of 440,000 votes would not get to first base, they told themselves. Yet this same Len Small is the Republican candidate for governor in the November election, and downstate Illinois is ablaze with his red, white, and blue stickers, his spare-tire covers, and his slogan "Back to Prosperity with Len Small."

How did it happen? "Honest Lou" Emmerson, whose unpopularity made it inadvisable for him to run again, failed to keep a pledge to Attorney-General Oscar E. Carlstrom, or so Carlstrom says. The reported agreement was that if Carlstrom would remain out of the 1928 primary race against Small, then Emmerson would support Carlstrom in 1932. Be that as it may, Emmerson backed Omer N. Custer, Galesburg publisher and member of the State Tax Commission. Numerous other candidates entered the race, among them William H. Malone, a sincere advocate of tax reform, who had resigned from the Tax Commission in protest, and former Attorney-General Edward J. Brundage.

In the primary Small got 481,000 votes, some 130,000 less than when he was beaten in 1928, yet he was on top of the heap. Custer, who was second, with the votes of either Carlstrom, third, or Malone, fourth, would have secured the nomination. Small was a minority winner with but one vote in three. Immediately he set out to add to injury all the insults he could devise. "Big Bill" Thompson, rejected as Mayor of Chicago two years before, was made

general manager of his campaign. Frank L. Smith was forced into the post of National Republican Committeeman. William Lorimer, who was expelled from the United States Senate after his election in 1909 for having bribed members of the State legislature, was made one of the close counselors. Small has stopped at nothing in this campaign. The Democratic candidate for governor, Probate Judge Henry Horner of Chicago, is a Jew, a fact which has certainly not been overlooked by his opponents. The racial attack has not taken the form of a whispering campaign; unbelievable slurs are literally shouted in campaign speeches. Likewise all foreign-born residents of Illinois have been insulted by sarcastic references to Mayor Cermak's birth in Czecho-Slovakia, to the pronunciation of his name, and to the "need" for sending him "back where he belongs."

The most bizarre venture in the campaign so far has been the "non-partisan" waterways cruise on the Illinois, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers. Though it was plainly no more than a tub-thumping political junket, its sponsors with the effrontery to describe it as a tour designed to show the people of Illinois what the federal government had done for the development of the inland waterways. But the announcement that a federal barge would be towed by the Small-Thompson-Smith showboat to serve as a dance floor for the spectators promptly drew Democratic fire. Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, State chairman, protested to Secretary of War Hurley against the use of government property for such a purpose. Big Bill Thompson was the first to attempt pacification. Democrats would be welcome aboard, he said, if they would confine themselves to addresses in favor of inland waterways. Later William E. Hull, lame-duck Congressman from Peoria, came forth with the announcement that Major General Thomas Q. Ashburn, head of the Inland Waterways Corporation, had loaned him the barge and that he, Hull, would pay all expenses. "The barge will be used to accommodate the public," said Mr. Hull. "Most of the persons on board are Republicans because so few Democrats of prominence have taken an active part in obtaining the waterway. We would be delighted to have Democrats along."

The cruise got under way at Peru, after an overload of politicians and job-seekers had caused the top deck to sag during a reception held by Big Bill. A waterways trip or not, Small indulged in no sophistry. He said purely and simply that the shove-off marked the campaign's start. The night stop at East St. Louis, in the arched shadows of James Buchanan Eads's beautiful bridge, was typical. Several thousand persons crowded down to the wharf and on to the boat, where they were forced down a long line of handshaking candidates, some of whom had their right hands bandaged from handshaking at Alton—shades of Elijah P. Lovejoy!—and other points up the river.

Len Small, looking worn and showing his advanced years, was first in line. A veteran at the business, he kissed all the white babies that came aboard. United States Senator Otis F. Glenn, a candidate for reelection and chief spon-

sor of Judge James H. Wilkerson for the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, was next. He kissed no babies, but shook hands vigorously with parents, on the theory, no doubt, that grown-ups and not babies cast votes. Once the job-seeker or idly curious spectator had run the gauntlet of extended palms, he found himself on the flag-festooned government barge, where a half-dozen old-time fiddlers sawed away. Big Bill, in sport clothes, mixed with the crowd, vehemently protesting because a professional orchestra had not taken its place so the people could "enjoy themselves." The candidates along the rail and the dance on the barge constituted two of the circus's three rings. The performers in the third ring held forth behind a microphone on the upper deck, where speakers described the lovable traits of those "two great humanitarians, Gov'nor Small and Mayor Thompson." Hoarse-voiced singers led the crowd on the levee in the choruses of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "I Love You Truly." The ubiquitous Big Bill was master of ceremonies, a clowning showman who enjoyed every minute of it. A high spot for him was the performance by the Vandavia Ladies' Kitchen Band, whose washboard and dishpan instruments he described with gusto and in detail. No mention was made of the Maine election which had occurred the day before.

Negroes were very much in evidence because East St. Louis Democrats had sent promises of free beer and barbecue to the Negro neighborhoods. The same show, more or less, was repeated at Chester, site of a State penitentiary, at Cairo, and at Golconda on the Ohio River, where pickpockets relieved many spectators of woefully slim wallets.

What are Small's chances for winning the governorship? The first consideration is that however Illinois goes for President, there are thousands of Republicans in the State who cannot stomach Small and frankly say they will vote for Judge Horner. A leading Republican in the southern part of the State, a former federal office-holder, told the writer aboard the showboat at East St. Louis that Small's defeat and the rout of Thompson and Smith would be a fine thing for Illinois Republicans. The party then would have a chance to offer candidates with clean records, he said. No one knows how many Republicans are thinking the same thought, and will vote accordingly; Republican appointees in State jobs at Springfield openly declare that they expect the party to go down to defeat.

All the indications in Chicago, which has 3,300,000 of the State's 7,600,000 population, point to a majority for Judge Horner. The Republican *Chicago Daily News* is supporting him editorially and the Republican *Tribune* is reporting his speeches carefully and sympathetically. Small will do better downstate, but just how well is a question. At Decatur Judge Horner was entertained at a dinner given by outstanding Republicans of the community. His plan to reorganize the State legislature, giving Chicago just representation in the lower house and the rest of the State the balance of power in the senate, is attracting wide attention. His promises of economy are not coupled with promises to give State jobs to everyone, as are the promises of Small. Resentment against the Hoover Administration is strong in Illinois, which, according to the Department of Commerce, is one of the five hardest-hit States in the Union. Governor Emmerson recently called the legislature in its fourth special session with the warning that 700,000 persons faced starva-

tion. That the Small campaigners are aware of this resentment is indicated by the fact that they plead only for themselves and rarely mention Hoover. To be perfectly plain about it, they are engaging in an old political practice known as knifing the head of the ticket.

A prediction may not be in order, yet the writer, who lives in Illinois and has talked to many voters, ventures to prophesy that after November 8 Len Small will be free to go back to his rhubarb, and Big Bill Thompson and Frank L. Smith to whatever herbs interest them.

## In the Driftway

**R**IVERS do have friends in America. The Drifter's remarks about their use and abuse have roused several of his readers either to sympathy with his sentiments, or to fond memories of weeks spent beside a river that knew not the ways of commerce. One of the most interesting responses comes from a sanitary engineer in New Jersey who writes as follows about Manhattan and the Hudson:

DEAR DRIFTER: It is indeed gratifying to me to know that some few people are aware of the crime committed against our American rivers, particularly the Hudson. The island of Manhattan is located right in the middle of the largest sewage-disposal plant in the world. New York harbor receives the sewage of some 8,000,000 people. I have just completed a study of the limitations of the self-purification processes of this natural disposal plant. I find that, contrary to the common conception, the tides do not sweep the sewage out to sea, but rather merely oscillate it back and forth, so that virtually all the demands of the vast volume of sewage are exerted upon the water within the harbor.

The people of the New York area do not seem to object to living and working in the middle of this great sewage-disposal plant. It is true that a disposal plant that is well operated is not objectionable, but when you begin to overload a plant, it may become extremely unpleasant. I have the scientific data in hand to prove beyond a doubt that the New York harbor plant is on the verge of a serious breakdown. Under the present load of pollution, if we were to have a summer as dry as 1921, practically the entire harbor would be completely devoid of oxygen, and New Yorkers would find themselves in the midst of a boiling, bad-acting disposal plant which would belch up hydrogen sulphide gas to an extent that would make even Hoover's bomb squad look like amateurs.

Fortunately, the gods are with us, for we are perhaps headed into a "wet cycle" (at least so the Democrats think). But it behooves New York City to get busy, and get busy quickly, on this grave question, or some fine summer's day we shall find old Hendrik Hudson's river foaming at the mouth and rebelling in no pleasant manner.

C. J. VELZ

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**M**EANWHILE, the Drifter has discovered, almost at his door, an American river town that is just as it should be. It is a small town, and apparently long ago it supported a factory, for there is one ancient and deserted brick building which obviously has never been a dwelling. For the rest, there are white-painted framed New England

houses sitting in rows on either side of the river; green grass grows upon its banks and tall trees are reflected in the quiet pools that lie between the rapids. There is in particular a white inn with chairs set invitingly on a veranda overlooking the stream, and, behind it, a green slope of grass that leads irresistibly up a hill into quiet woods. It is a sleepy village—as river villages often are, as if life, like the river, flowed past but did not stop.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### Attorney-General Schnader Defends His Record

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 28, 1932, you published an article by Saul Carson entitled *Don't Overlook Philadelphia*. Obviously the author intended his statements as a reflection on my professional and official conduct. May I offer the following facts in refutation?

I served as Special Deputy Attorney-General of Pennsylvania from January, 1923, until November 1, 1930, when I was appointed Attorney-General. My employment in the former capacity was for part-time service only. I consented to accept appointment only after I had a definite understanding with the then Attorney-General, approved by the Governor, that I was to be free to continue my private practice, including my representation of the Yellow Cab Company of Philadelphia.

The work to which I was assigned had nothing to do with public-utility matters. There was no conflict of interest between my work for the State and my work for the cab company. There was nothing secret or concealed about it. The whole arrangement was not only proper in every sense, but it was public and publicly understood. I had been counsel for the cab company ever since its organization in 1920; my connection with it was at all times a matter of common knowledge.

When, in 1924, the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company purchased all the stock of the cab company, my status remained unchanged. It is not a fact, as intimated by Mr. Carson, that my compensation was increased when this purchase was consummated. It was not until 1929 that a new professional arrangement was made. No one has ever charged that the compensation I received from the cab company was excessive, or that my work for the commonwealth was influenced in the slightest degree at any time by any private connection which I had.

Mr. Carson states that I "openly forgive" Harry A. Mackey for having accepted a retainer from the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company while he was chairman of the State Workmen's Compensation Board. This is utterly untrue. I have never made any comment of any sort on the subject.

WILLIAM A. SCHNADER

Harrisburg, Pa., September 29

## Mr. Carson's Rejoinder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Mea culpa!* Mr. Schnader does not "openly forgive" former Mayor Mackey. When the State's chief legal officer admits knowledge that another State officer "accepted a retainer from the Philadelphia Transit Company," states

that he has failed to make any comment, and in his very letter to *The Nation* fails to add a single word of condemnation of such practice—that is not forgiveness. It is worse. The main point, it seems to Mr. Schnader, is that the Governor and the then Attorney-General knew that Mr. Mackey was not the only public official on the Mitten pay roll. If knowledge of such a condition makes the condition itself right, then indeed am I guilty of distortion.

Philadelphia, October 3

SAUL CARSON

## The More the Disgrace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask for space in your publication to correct the allegation in your issue of September 14 that "Washington officials" were responsible for the dismissal of Robert S. Allen as chief of the Washington Bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*?

The facts in the case are these: On September 1 a letter was written by Mr. Perrin, managing editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, to Mr. Allen asking him specifically whether he had contributed to "Washington Merry-Go-Round." On September 5 Mr. Allen replied, and in his letter is the following definite statement: "I did collaborate in the 'Merry-Go-Round.'" It was produced as commentary upon Washington by newspapermen, anonymously because it was a cooperative work. Six days later, or, to be exact, on September 11 last, the *Monitor* editorial board sent a letter to Mr. Allen notifying him of his dismissal.

Furthermore, it is not true that any censorship controversy, or any views expressed by Mr. Allen regarding an alleged censorship at the White House, had anything to do with his dismissal. Mr. Allen's dismissal was based on the fact, as admitted in his letter, that he did collaborate in writing "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

ORWELL BRADLEY TOWNE,

Christian Science Committee on Publication

New York, September 23

## Petitions at Geneva

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much interested in Robert Dell's article, *Sabotage at Geneva*, in your issue of September 7. Mr. Dell has given us an excellent analysis of the disarmament situation, but there is one suggestion which, with your permission, I should like to extract from its context. Dell says, in deploring the "catastrophic failure" of the disarmament conference, among other things, that "the only way to save the situation, if it can be saved, is to proclaim the fact from the housetops, and try to stir up the French and English peoples to bring the necessary pressure on their respective governments, which with the American government are responsible for the situation."

Now, unless the time is not yet ripe for disarmament, quite enough stirring up has been done. Many men and women have given their undivided attention to actual work and propaganda for peace for a number of years. Countless petitions have been formulated, circulated, signed, and sent to Geneva. I can honestly say that after long investigation in America, and from what I know of what was done in England and Germany, the peace workers have left nothing undone in the way of pressure and stirring up; yet we seem to have exhausted our resources without making a single dent in those who represent us in this mighty undertaking.

This brings me to the reason for this letter: Will Mr. Dell or one of your subscribers please tell us what exactly was done with our many petitions sent to the disarmament conference in good faith, and with every expectation that they would receive some sort of favorable consideration? Those petitions carried millions of names of men and women from all over the world. Those men and women have a right to know how their plea was treated. Were the petitions ever brought before a session of the conference? Did the conferees see with their own eyes the bulk and imposing significance of those thousands of signed petitions? Does anyone know of any representative who tried to visualize those millions of men and women standing in expectant ranks, a hundred abreast, waiting to have their plea answered? Before we take the next step, we must know just how our last plea was handled.

Chicago, September 14

LYNDA H. T. HEYL

## Liberalism and Sex

THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to add my protest to that of the pastor of Western Kansas whose letter you comment upon in your issue of September 28.

Totally apart from the question of calling names, I think plain that the advocacy of "liberalism," so-called, in sex relations is a decided detriment to the cause of economic progress, in the sense of an increase in the pay, the power, and the security of livelihood of the workers and farmers in this country. I think, therefore, that it is important that those who are liberals in both these departments of human relations should not stress their so-called liberalism in sex matters.

To put the argument on the lowest plane—those who stand for freer sex relations hardly have to do much propagandizing for their cause, in view of present trends, and such propaganda does tend to hurt the cause of economic progress among the rapidly increasing number of people in the church who feel strongly that capitalism is inconsistent with the ethics of Christ.

There is still another and more important reason—namely, that economic progress requires the support of a substantial majority of the population, because it involves important changes in the laws and institutions of our country which cannot be brought about except with support of a majority. The believers in freer sex relations, on the other hand, can practice their belief to a very great extent without calling upon the majority for approval of their conduct, or misconduct, as you may view it.

Boston, October 1

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

## Lassalle and the German Labor Movement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The United States, we are told, is a free country, but it seems to me that Mauritz A. Hallgren stretched this constitutional right to the limit in his review of Arno Schirokauer's "Lassalle" in *The Nation* of August 24. I am not complaining so much of Mr. Hallgren's unwarranted identification of reformist socialism with fascism under the rubric of "social fascism." But where did he ever get the idea of Lassalle as the "first German fascist," as the spiritual ancestor of Pilsudki, Mussolini, and Adolf Hitler? Even the sharpest and severest critics of Lassalle and his movement, such as Marx and Engels (Engels slightly revised his opinion later), do not give the slightest justification for such a charge. The brilliant and

authoritative studies of Franz Mehring—in his introductions to Lassalle's works, in his history of the German Social Democracy, in his biography of Karl Marx—point in exactly the opposite direction. Lassalle certainly made his mistakes—severe ones of a theoretical, political, economic, organizational, and practical character—but he was nevertheless in a very special sense the founder of the modern German labor movement. The fascists must and do look elsewhere for their forerunners.

Jakob Altmayer, in his introduction to the speeches of Lassalle published by the Neuer Deutscher Verlag, a Communist auxiliary, declares in lyrical terms but justly nevertheless:

In the beginning of the modern German labor movement, stood Lassalle. . . .

He was the sword. He was the flame. . . .

What Gerhardt Hauptmann said of Florian Geyer applies equally well to the leader of the industrial proletariat: a burning sense of justice filled his heart! This burning sense of justice drove him beyond Hegel and Fichte to the road of Karl Marx, made him into the awakener of the German workers, into the most fiery champion in the struggle for the emancipation of the proletariat.

New York, September 30

WILL HERBERG

## A Notable Experiment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We believe your readers will be interested to know that Manumit School at Pawling, New York, has been fortunate in securing as director for the forthcoming school year Alexis Ferm, who has long been an outstanding figure in the world of experimental education. Manumit, which was founded by William and Helen Fincke, is "an experimental school primarily for children of workers, which shall be loyal to the aims of organized labor and faithful to the scientific spirit in modern education." It is designed for children from the ages of six to thirteen.

Like every other enterprise, and especially every progressive and radical enterprise, Manumit is facing difficulties in meeting this depression, which results from the workings of a vicious economic system. The directors—who include such well-known educators and labor people as Dr. Henry Linville, national president of the American Federation of Teachers, Professor Harold Rugg of Teachers College, Miss Elizabeth Irwin, Miss Laura Garrett, Dr. Abraham Lefkowitz, and Miss Fannia M. Cohn—are determined to make every effort to keep this notable experiment going on an effective basis. They will welcome support of their effort.

Pawling, September 26

A. J. MUSTE

## Modern Geography

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One would gain the impression from the editorial entitled *Geography*, in your issue of September 7, that Hendrik van Loon had blazed a new trail in "humanizing" geography, and that geography was still a subject in which the primary objective is to burden students with the memorizing of the boundaries and the capitals of States.

If you will sometime step into the geography classroom of a modern school, you will undoubtedly experience a revelation when you observe not only the content of geography which is being taught, but also the mode of procedure. Geography long ago changed from one of those subjects to be hated by students, to one of the most fascinating in the curriculum.

Columbus, Ohio, September 28

EUGENE VAN CLEEF

# Japan Defies the World

*[The recent publication of the Lytton Commission's report to the League of Nations on the Chinese-Japanese conflict lends particular timeliness to the following exposition of the present situation in Manchuria and the history of Japanese intervention in that region. The article was prepared by a British authority on Far Eastern affairs whose position makes it necessary that his name be withheld.—EDITOR THE NATION.]*

THE modern history of Manchuria began when Japan seized Korea from China in the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95 and was balked of the Liaotung peninsula in South Manchuria only by the intervention of Russia, France, and Germany. Russia thereupon acquired the concessions Japan had coveted, and at the turn of the century built the Chinese Eastern Railway and opened the port of Dalny (Dairen). The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 followed, and Japan took over the Russian lease of the Liaotung peninsula, including Dairen, and all Russian concessions and privileges in South Manchuria as far as Changchun, including the corresponding portion of the C. E. R. (rechristened the South Manchuria Railway), the coal mines, and Fushun and various subsidiary enterprises.

## THE RISE OF MANCHURIA

Building the C. E. R. gave a great stimulus to the immigration of Chinese peasants, particularly into North Manchuria, and this development was accelerated by the discovery of the valuable properties of the soya bean, and the springing up of a world demand for this product. The last twenty-five years have seen a tremendous agricultural development in Manchuria, on which the prosperity of these three Chinese provinces has been built. The Japanese have made a good thing of this development, as also of the coal mines, the railway, and the other spoils of war taken from the Russians. But as regards their propagandist claim to being the creators of Manchurian prosperity, let us hear the testimony of E. F. Wilkinson, who was British Consul-General at Mukden from 1921 to 1928, and so should know what he is talking about:

No one will deny that the progress which Manchuria has made during the past twenty-five years has been mainly due to the development by the Chinese of its agricultural resources. That this development was only rendered possible by the construction of the Chinese Eastern and South Manchuria railways may be admitted, but both these railways were originally planned and built by the Russians, who also opened Dairen as a commercial port. The Japanese have merely carried on and extended the work initiated by the Russians, and while they have done so very efficiently, and with advantage to the trade of the territory as well as their own trade, the claim which they make to being the creators of the prosperity of Manchuria is absurd. Considering the extraordinary fertility of its soil and its great natural wealth, the steady increase since 1907 in the trade of Manchuria is in no way astonishing. It would have been far more rapid but for the preferential rights claimed by the Japanese, and, more especially, their veto on the employ-

ment of foreign capital other than Japanese in the construction of railways and the development of the mineral resources of the territory.\*

China's three eastern provinces—Heilung-kiang, Fengtien, and Kirin—together with the province of Jehol, are commonly known as Manchuria and Inner Mongolia and constitute a vast area bigger than France and Germany combined, rich in fertile soil, timber, mineral resources, and coal, with Arctic cold in winter and tropical heat in summer. From time immemorial Manchuria has been linked with the destinies of the Chinese race and formed part of the principalities, kingdoms, and empires thrown up by the Chinese and the tributary racial streams they have absorbed in the course of their long history. Chinese immigration into Manchuria began before the Christian era. Today the population is nearly 30,000,000, of whom at least 95 per cent are Chinese and the rest Mongol nomads (about 700,000), Koreans (600,000), Japanese (200,000), and Russians (800,000). The handful of Manchus have lost their language and are virtually indistinguishable from their Chinese fellow-citizens. There is a heavy Chinese immigration, which of late years has risen to nearly 1,000,000 annually.

After twelve months of Sino-Japanese conflict Japan has overrun the whole of Manchuria and recognized the separate state of Manchukuo. Manchuria itself has become practically a battlefield. The preliminary report of the Lytton Commission in the spring mentioned that there were some 140,000 men of various denominations in arms against the Japanese, and since then the numbers have grown. At first Japan raised and trained Chinese troops and attempted to send them into the field in the name of Manchukuo against their Chinese brethren. Several crack units promptly deserted to the insurgents, taking with them the most up-to-date Japanese training and equipment; others contented themselves with firing in the air; none of them fought. Consequently, the Japanese had to do their own fighting, and the number of troops in Manchuria was steadily increased to 80,000. In the middle of September the press announced that another division was going to Manchuria to "relieve" some of the troops already there. (This is the consecrated formula—the troops relieved also stay.) The army is still of opinion that the number of troops is insufficient, and the life of the Finance Minister is constantly threatened because he opposes further reinforcements.

## FINANCIAL COLLAPSE

Feng-tien province, which used to pay \$80,000,000 in annual revenue, has not come anywhere near paying the \$7,000,000 called for by the financial program of Manchukuo. Revenue from taxes in South Manchuria has diminished by 74 per cent, and in North Manchuria by nearly 90 per cent. This is because, owing to the almost universal disorder and fighting, the crops have not been sown.

\* The *Spectator*, London, May 7, 1932, p. 663. See also Mr. Wilkinson's article on Japan and Manchuria in the *Spectator* of April 16 and Vol. VIII, No. 3, Parts I and II (April 13 and 20, 1932) of the American Foreign Policy Association reports on Railway Rivalries in Manchuria Between China and Japan for a careful and rigorously impartial study of the matters discussed above.

According to Japanese economists, this year's harvest will be only 40 per cent of last year's. These calculations were made before the devastating floods in North Manchuria, affecting 8,000,000 people and practically wiping out the crops in the most fertile part of the country. Famine conditions exist over large areas. The soya-bean trade and the industry of extracting oil from the soya bean have practically died out. The currency has lost all value. The loans secretly and indirectly contributed by the Japanese government have been mere drops in the ocean. The Central Bank of Manchukuo, which was launched with a great flourish of trumpets, quickly got through the 20,000,000 yen lent by Japan, but proved incapable of stabilizing the currency. The appalling conditions in Manchuria have led to such a drop in foreign trade that the customs and postal services, seized by Manchukuo, instead of yielding a golden harvest as expected, constitute a heavy financial burden. As the Harbin *Nichi Nichi*, one of the chief Japanese papers in Manchuria, remarks:

The position in Manchuria has become so bad that it is impossible to hope for a quick development of Japanese or any other economic activity. For the moment we must work to build up the shattered foundations of economic life, in the first place of agriculture and finance.

It is not surprising in the circumstances that the numerous delegations of Japanese business men, headed by the great firms Mitsui, Mitsubishi, and others, which have the closest connections with the army and navy and control almost the whole of Japanese industry, should have proved very shy of the pressing invitations from the army to invest money in Manchuria. As an important Japanese economist, who requested that his name should not be revealed, declared not long ago in the *North China Daily News*:

No one would be mad enough to risk his money in Manchuria, so long as the volunteer movement which has spread all over Manchuria has not been stamped out, and the sources from which the volunteers draw support traced and eliminated.

Japanese army authorities in Manchuria estimate that it will take them from five to seven years to restore order. The Japanese delegate in the Council of the League has mentioned ten years. The Chinese are confident that they can keep Manchuria in an uproar indefinitely; in any case, they say, long before five years the Chinese boycott (95 per cent of Japan's foreign investments are in China, and they are losing money heavily as a result of the boycott) will bankrupt Japan.

#### STARVATION, STRIKES, AND RIOTS

In Japan itself the yen, which was forced off the gold standard at an early stage of the conflict, has sunk to less than one-half its par value and is still sinking; Japanese securities, for the first time in history, are lower than Chinese, and the government is at its wit's end how to pay the short-term foreign loans that will fall due this year and the next, for it knows that its credit is too bad, and its unpopularity too great, to hope for a prolongation or renewal of these loans. Revenue from taxation has dropped sharply in the last year and is still dropping; savings-bank deposits are shrinking rapidly; there is a gaping budget deficit; the trade balance is unfavorable by 250,000,000 yen, not counting the vast unregistered foreign purchases by the Ministries for War and the Navy; and the agricultural crisis has produced in-

describable conditions—in whole provinces the peasantry are eating grass roots, cattle feed, and fish entrails used for fertilizer, selling their daughters to houses of prostitution, and dying of starvation. Of the two staple crops, the market price of rice has sunk to less than the cost of production, and raw silk fetches only one-third of what it costs to produce. The indebtedness of the peasantry is about 6,500,000,000 yen at a rate of interest varying between 10 and 40 per cent. The amount due in interest per year is about equal to the value of the total annual agricultural production of Japan. To this must be added the crushing burden of taxation, of which between 50 and 60 per cent goes for war purposes, apart from the heavy subsidies and exemption from taxation for industries of military importance (pig-iron, steel, shipping and shipbuilding, chemical industries). Most of the resources for this policy are ultimately derived from the agrarian population through direct and indirect taxation. Taxes have multiplied from four to five times as compared with the pre-war level.

It is not surprising that the countryside is the scene of almost continuous rent strikes, riots, and bloody conflicts between starving peasants on the one side and landowners and usurers on the other. Although Japan is an agricultural country, it also has large industries, and Japanese labor is riddled with communism and extreme Socialist thought (all Western Communist literature is translated into Japanese as fast as it appears, whereas more moderate sociological works find a small market). The intelligentsia, particularly the teachers, are also heavily tainted with extreme radicalism.

#### THE JAPANESE LEGEND

Since the conflict began, Europe and America have been inundated by Japanese pacifists, Quakers, and internationalists of every kind, who have been telling all who will listen how utterly they deplore and abhor the policy on which their militarists have embarked, but who at the same time entreat the West for God's sake not to oppose the militarists in any way, for that would only further exasperate them and rouse the whole nation to a pitch of blind fanaticism. The exponents of this view are undoubtedly perfectly sincere, for, like most Japanese, they are naive and childlike in political matters and stand in such awe of their own militarists, and are such hearty believers in the flattering legend of the Samurai spirit, Bushido, and the like, that they are blind to the realities of modern Japan.

But there is no reason why the more sophisticated Westerner should accept these stories at face value. The starving Japanese peasant, as he eats his rotten fish-gut and thinks of his daughter in the nearest *Yoshiwara*, is not worrying about Bushido. The morale of the Japanese people will crack the moment they begin to believe that the government's policy will fail. As the Japanese militarists have failed in several big adventures, and as Japanese public opinion is still afflicted by a deep-seated inferiority complex vis-a-vis the West, the conviction of failure would come very fast and go very deep if the rest of the world had the courage to isolate Japan, condemn her morality, and take its stand firmly on the treaty obligations by which the whole civilized world is bound. The legend of the Japanese people preferring death to dishonor is destined to go the same way as the pre-war legend of the selfless devotion of the Russian mujik to his church and his little white father, and the some-

what more recent legends of the Turks' immutable faith in Islam, or the fanatical devotion of the Spaniards to the Catholic church.

As for China, the conflict, coming on top of the devastating floods, has hit the country very hard, weakened the government, drained its resources, caused a sum total of human suffering about which it is best not to think, and given an impetus to communism in the interior. But the National Government has stood up astonishingly to the strain. The heroic fighting at Shanghai caused a great uprush of national sentiment, and for a moment caused distracted China to forget her divisions and dissensions. That mood has passed, but there are no signs of any weakening, and indeed no Chinese government could survive for five minutes which attempted to compromise with Japan on the basis of losing Manchuria. The problem of the National Government is to consolidate and extend its authority, and it can do this only by leading the national resistance against Japanese aggression and inspiring confidence in its capacity to improve the conditions of the people.

#### THE CHINESE ANTAEUS

Chinese confidence in ultimate victory is grounded on the fact that the Chinese are a nation of 400,000,000—one-quarter of the whole of humanity—with a history of 4,000 years, during which they have absorbed or worn down innumerable would-be conquerors. They believe that the boycott and the guerilla warfare in and around Manchuria will bankrupt Japan and force her into revolution. They believe they have the forces of history on their side—the more wanton Japan's aggression becomes, the higher and brighter will burn the flame of China's national spirit, and the more China resists, the stronger will become her international position and the regard in which she is held by the world. They have with them the commitments and the causes on which the civilized world has pinned its hope of peace. They believe that the Chinese giant, like Antaeus, will rise the stronger the more often and the harder he is beaten to the ground, and that in the end he will be irresistible. There are many Chinese who say that Japan is actually rendering them a service by arousing and uniting China. The Japanese people, on the other hand, they say, is under the heel of a feudal military caste, and the farther this caste goes in its present policy, the more formidable will be the forces aroused against it both at home and abroad. The ultimate downfall of the military caste at the hands of its own people and in face of the gathering disapproval of the whole world, they believe to be certain.

But the present National Government has adopted the policy of cooperation and friendship with the West, and is continually attacked for not offering more active military resistance and for not turning for help to Russia. If, in the face of Japanese recognition of Manchukuo and repudiation of the Lytton report, the Western Powers remain supine and acknowledge that treaties are scraps of paper and that force is the supreme arbiter, the more violent counsels are likely to prevail. If China is abandoned by the West, the present government will go under; Chinese nationalism will win in the end, but by more tortuous and bloodier courses; the nationalism that will then ultimately emerge will be the enemy and not the friend of the West and in all probability the ally of Russia.

#### THE LYTTON REPORT

The Lytton report, which was published on October 2, will not be discussed in the Assembly until the middle of November. It makes clear that Japanese action in Manchuria was essentially aggressive and that Manchukuo was set up and is maintained in existence by Japan. The solution it offers is unequivocally based on the Covenant and on the Nine-Power Treaty, that is, on the continuance of effective Chinese sovereignty over what these treaties guarantee as Chinese territory. This means that Japan will reject, and China accept, whatever report and recommendations the Assembly makes under Paragraph 4 of Article XV on the basis of the Lytton report.

It may be confidently assumed that the Japanese government will make strong efforts to get the League to accept this situation. For the Japanese higher ranks (as distinguished from the junior officers) are reluctant to contemplate a break between Japan and the League. They prize Japan's position as a permanent member of the Council, because in their eyes it consecrates her prestige as a great Power, on equal terms with other countries, to be consulted on all world questions. They are fully aware of the opportunities for international bargaining this gives Japan, and they fear that China and the Western Powers, through the League, might get on too well together in Japan's absence. Above all, they fear the effect of isolation on Japanese finance and public opinion, and the exposure of the bluff that Japan is united in her determination to defy the world.

In its efforts to maneuver so as to induce the League to accept the boon of Japan's continued active membership, in spite of her rejection of the Lytton report and continued occupation of Manchuria, the Japanese government can probably count on official British support. The argument will be used that if Japan goes out of the League, there is no way of restraining her, whereas if she stays in, it is still possible to use moral influence. Time will ultimately defeat Japan, but it is no use irritating the Japanese militarists by open opposition. In any case, there is no obligation under Article XV on China and Japan to accept a League report, and the most that the League can do in the circumstances is to give them three or five years to consider the matter. This view ignores the whole question of Japanese aggression and makes a scrap of paper of Article X, which is regarded as the key-stone of the Covenant.

If the League should ask for the summoning of a conference of the signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty, it would be merely an attempt to put the responsibility on the United States. All the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty except the United States are members of the League, and under the Covenant have obligations that go much farther than the Nine-Power Treaty. The United States would certainly object to any proposal of the kind mentioned, for, from the American point of view, the maximum results can be got by the combined obligations and signatories of all three of the treaties involved—the Covenant, the Paris Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty.

In one way or another, too, an attempt will be made to refer the whole report to direct negotiations between China and Japan, without specifying that the disputants should be bound to accept the report as the basis of discussion and, of course, without touching the question of the recognition of Manchukuo by Japan or the withdrawal of Japanese troops.

A third possibility is that foreshadowed by the Tokio correspondent of the London *Times* in the issue of August 29—namely, that the League should be offered a chance by the Japanese to save its face and retain Japanese membership without cramping Japan's style in Manchuria, through some Japanese brand of the Stimson non-recognition doctrine, that is, through some platonic declaration that the members of the League will not recognize Manchukuo. Japanese officials, as the Tokio correspondent of the *Times* remarks, say they do not care in the least whether anyone recognizes Manchukuo, and are quite prepared to stay on in the League on these terms, provided nothing really rude is said.

It may also be taken for granted that, following precedent, the strongest pressure will be put upon the Chinese to accept some solution of this sort, that is, to accept the League's virtually surrendering to Japan, washing its hands of the matter, and telling the Chinese to do the best they can with a number of scraps of paper entitled Covenant, Nine-Power Treaty, and Paris Pact, and a whole portly sheaf of paper entitled the Lytton report.

#### THE LEAGUE'S POSITION

But it is most improbable that the Japanese, even with British help, will succeed in getting any such policy through the Assembly; for the small states, which for a time took a strong stand during the March Assembly, are now likely to be far stronger. In March they were told that the issue was to declare Japan guilty of resort to war under Article XVI, and that this meant the application of sanctions; as it was the great Powers who would have had to take the risk in case it came to sanctions, it was not possible for the small Powers to push them against their will into adopting this attitude. They were further told that the situation was so peculiar in the Far East as not to constitute a precedent for the application of the Covenant, and that they did not possess the detailed knowledge which the great Powers enjoyed of the local situation. Most important of all, they felt that the United States supported them up to the point of getting the principle of non-recognition adopted in the March resolution, but did not want to go farther at the time.

This time the issue is infinitely graver: Shanghai was a sideshow, but Manchuria is the heart of the whole dispute. In March a temporizing policy was defensible on the ground that we must await the Lytton report. But to tolerate Japan's continued presence in the League in the teeth of her rejection of the Lytton report and continued occupation of Manchuria would mean that Japan, as a permanent member of the Council, would be one of the principal judges, one of the leading partners in the cooperative association known as the League of Nations. The League would have ended by giving a sort of international moral sanction, or at least condonation, to the policy of waging an undeclared war in order to foment a separatist movement in the territory of a member of the League, and to set up by force of arms a puppet government in such territory. No state with minorities, nor indeed any weak Power with strong neighbors, could tolerate such a precedent, for it would mean that weak states were worse off as members of the League than they had been before the war, and that the League, far from conferring security, merely added the spice of international hypocrisy to the substance of national violence. Therefore this is an issue on which they cannot yield. There is no

question of applying sanctions, and the Lytton report supplies all the local knowledge required. The American attitude has become a great deal firmer than it was in March and will give the small Powers every encouragement.

#### FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

In France, too, since the middle of September there has been a far-reaching change in the attitude of the government, of which the first symptom was the leading article in the *Temps* of September 16. The Radical Government of M. Herriot (who, with M. Painlevé, had denounced Japanese aggression when in opposition), and still more its radical and Socialist supporters in the chamber, who have been strongly in favor of applying the Covenant since the outbreak of the conflict, was never happy over the policy of its predecessors in the Sino-Japanese conflict. But during his first months of office M. Herriot was so overwhelmed with the reparations problem, the disarmament conference, and domestic difficulties that he let the egregious M. Paul-Boncour go on handling this issue in the same nerveless manner as he had done under the Tardieu Government. In the middle of September the truth which had been dawning for some time came home fully to the French Cabinet, namely, that the Covenant was being undermined. The French government decided that the situation in Europe was now so critical and so full of ugly possibilities that France must stand firmly on the only treaty security she had, namely, the Covenant, and must seek the friendship of the United States. She could not, the Cabinet further decided, afford in the circumstances to have one policy in the Far East, of letting the Covenant go by default, and another in Europe, of basing her security on the Covenant. And as France's interests in the Far East are negligible compared with her interest in European security, the conclusion to which this reasoning led the French government is obvious.

Last but not least, the United States feels that its whole policy in the Far East for the last thirty years, the peace of the Pacific, and ultimately the peace of the world are at stake in this conflict. It is fully aware of the advantages that the League affords as the only collective system of treaty obligations and machinery for international action, and is anxious to interpret the Paris Pact and the Nine-Power Treaty so as to afford a legal basis for active cooperation with the League. And it is quite determined that the non-recognition policy should be applied in such a way as to constitute a real and serious obstacle to the consummation of Japanese ambitions, and an effective means of isolating Japan.

#### BRITAIN BACKS JAPAN

This brings us to the British position. There is reason to believe that there is now dissension in the Cabinet, for the Prime Minister and some of his more enlightened colleagues realize the gravity of the widening gap between American and British policy, and remember that in 1922 Great Britain was forced by pressure from the dominions to abandon the Anglo-Japanese alliance and come down on the side of the United States, disarmament, and the Nine-Power Treaty. But the majority of the Cabinet still support Sir John Simon in a policy of drift and passive connivance at Japanese aggression. The official attitude is described with striking accuracy in a dispatch from its London correspondent published by the New York *Times* on August 16. The British govern-

ment, said this dispatch, had no longer any doubt that the Lytton report would constitute a severe indictment of Japanese policy in Manchuria, and was frankly embarrassed at the fact and anxious not to let the Manchurian storm blow up again.

Official quarters consider the Lytton report as a grave inconvenience—to put it mildly—in view of the almost traditional British policy of avoiding antagonizing Japan over Manchuria. That the Earl of Lytton, chairman of the commission, is British is regarded as unfortunate, and there is real fear in official circles that Japan will identify his report with the views of the British government, to the detriment of Anglo-Japanese relations.

But the British are unhappiest of all over the serious difference of opinion with the United States over the Manchurian issue—a difference that will test all the power of compromise of Sir John Simon, the Foreign Minister, to the uttermost. Despite pronouncements from Washington indicating stiffening of the American attitude toward Japan, the British government is still unready to support the Washington State Department. It still fails to recognize the applicability of Secretary Stimson's doctrine of non-recognition to Manchuria, and when officials welcomed his New York speech last week it was as a contribution to the disarmament conference, not as a warning to Japan.

British statesmen are careful not to admit that the Manchuria trouble may influence the coming debt negotiations. Nevertheless, they are not happy over the coincidence that next winter, just when they will be seeking debt concessions from the United States, they may be thwarting the American policy at Geneva.

The fact that Great Britain consented to the Manchurian inquiry at all is deeply regretted.

In the official British view, Japanese domination of Manchuria has been developing for the last two generations, having begun long before any Covenant or League of Nations existed. Despite the events in Shanghai last winter, the British government and business men are still convinced that their interests in the Far East are safeguarded best by good relations with Tokio. Certainly, British business men place more trust in a Japanese than in a Chinese regime in Manchuria, and believe they could profit under Japanese occupation even if there were preferential treatment of Japanese commerce.

There is a great deal of opinion, the dispatch concludes, upholding the League against Japan, but this is a nationalist business government and it still is standing firmly with Japan, although not at all happy over the prospects. The State Department will have a difficult time in bringing the British government round to its way of thinking.

#### AMERICA CANNOT TEMPORIZE

On September 17 the London *Times* published a dispatch from its always well-informed Washington correspondent, who wrote that Mr. Stimson was giving almost all his time to the Sino-Japanese conflict, but had nearly abandoned hope of receiving British or French support. (The French attitude has, as mentioned above, changed recently.) His policy was therefore "definitely one of giving the smaller members of the League of Nations all possible support in the hope that they can prevent Great Britain and France from absolving the Japanese from blame in Manchuria."

The *Times* correspondent then referred to the following leading article in the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers:

Japan defies the American government and American public opinion, but Japan would not be so quick to defy all the large world Powers. That is the joker in the international pack today. The support of the European Powers, or at least their tacit approval, seems to have gone to Japan, the treaty violator, rather than to the Nine-Power Treaty they are sworn to uphold. Great Britain and France have refrained from joining the American declaration outlawing the fruits of Japanese conquest; Great Britain and France have obstructed the efforts of the smaller European nations to hold Japan to her League of Nations peace obligations; and now those two Powers are reported to be trying to modify or postpone League action against Japan on the basis of the forthcoming League report.

Encouraged by this appearance of British and French support of Japanese militarism, Tokio is reported to be in the heat of vast war preparations, with munition factories under forced production. Some observers think that Japan is preparing for war against Russia; others say she is getting ready for war with the United States.

Under the circumstances American officials must recall that the price of the Nine-Power Treaty was the sacrifice by the United States of certain naval and defense rights in the Pacific. If that treaty has been destroyed beyond repair, the United States should know it quickly. The test is whether Great Britain, France, and the other signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact are going to defend the treaties against Japan. When we say defend, we do not mean with armies and navies, we mean defend the treaties with joint moral, diplomatic, and economic pressure, which is more in keeping with the spirit of the violated treaties and more effective than war.

Two steps are imperative at once: The United States should demand openly that Great Britain and France should declare themselves publicly. The United States should ban all military shipments from this country to Japan.

This, then, is the situation that will face the Assembly as regards China, Japan, the Lytton report, the small Powers, France, and the United States. Will the official British attitude, which, it must be repeated, is described accurately in the New York *Times* dispatch, remain unchanged?

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# Fall Book Section

## Literature and the "Class War"

By HENRY HAZLITT

THE amazingly rapid spread, in the last year or two, of the application of so-called social standards in literary criticism, and particularly of so-called Marxian standards, makes it desirable that these standards should be submitted to a more thorough critical examination than they have hitherto received. In undertaking such an examination one is confronted at the very beginning by a formidable difficulty. One feels that most of the writers whose theories are being examined will not trouble to weigh on their merits any of the specific objections offered by any of the examiners. For the nouveau-Marxists know all the answers in advance. They know that any critic who questions any item in the Marxian ideology is a "bourgeois" critic, and that his objections are "bourgeois" criticisms; and from that terrible and crushing adjective there is no appeal. For the bourgeois critic, if I understand the nouveau-Marxists rightly, has less free-will than a parrot. He is a mere phonograph, who can only repeat the phrases and opinions with which he has been stuffed from his reading of bourgeois literature and his contacts with bourgeois science and bourgeois art. All these make up bourgeois culture, which is a mere class culture, i. e., an elaborate and colossal system of apologetics; worse, an instrument for class dominance and class oppression. The bourgeois critic, in brief, is a mere automaton, incapable of surmounting or of escaping from the bourgeois ideology in which he is imprisoned; and the poor fool's delusion that he is capable of seeing any problem with relative objectivity and disinterestedness is simply one more evidence that he cannot see beyond the walls of his ideological cell. (Of course it does seem possible for a few of the chosen, by an act of grace, to receive the revelation and jump suddenly into a complete acceptance of the Marxian ideology; otherwise it would be impossible to account for the bourgeois-Marxists themselves. But we shall return to these miracles later.)

In such an atmosphere, I hope I may be forgiven if I begin with an *ad hominem* argument, for in such an atmosphere *ad hominem* arguments are the only kind likely to make any impression. Now the first article in the Marxian credo is that there is but one Karl Marx and that Lenin is his prophet. One would suppose, therefore, that the critics who call themselves Marxists would trouble to learn what their master and his greatest disciple thought on cultural questions. Did Marx himself reject the culture of his age on the ground that it was bourgeois culture? Did he flee from its contamination as from a plague? Did he repudiate it as mere apologetics? The evidence against any such assumption is overwhelming. Wilhelm Liebknecht, in his delightful biographical memoir, tells us that Marx read Goethe, Lessing, Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes "almost daily," and that he was fond of reciting scenes from Shakespeare, and long passages from the "Divina Commedia" that he knew almost entirely by heart. Marx's son-in-law, Paul Lafargue, in his personal recollections (which appear

in "Karl Marx: Man, Thinker, and Revolutionist," a symposium edited by D. Ryazanoff), confirms this and supplements it in more detail. Marx, he tells us,

knew much of Heine and Goethe by heart, and would even quote these poets in conversation. He read a great deal of poetry, in most of the languages of Europe. Year after year he would read Aeschylus again in the original text, regarding this author and Shakespeare as the two greatest dramatic geniuses the world had ever known. For Shakespeare he had an unbounded admiration.

Sometimes he would lie down on the sofa and read a novel, and had often two or three novels going at the same time, reading them by turns. He had a preference for eighteenth-century novels, and was especially fond of Fielding's "Tom Jones." Among modern novelists, his favorites were Paul de Kock, Charles Lever, the elder Dumas, and Sir Walter Scott, whose "Old Mortality" he considered a masterpiece.

He had a predilection for tales of adventure and humorous stories. The greatest masters of romance were for him Cervantes and Balzac. His admiration for Balzac was so profound that he had planned to write a critique of "La comédie humaine" as soon as he finished his economic studies.

Even more direct evidence of Marx's literary tastes is furnished by a "confession" which he signed at the insistence of two of his daughters. It was a game, popular in the early sixties, and still often revived, of answering a set of leading questions; and from what we know of Marx there can be no doubt that his answers, while in one or two instances playful, were fundamentally serious and sincere. Asked who his "favorite poet" was, he answered: "Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Goethe." He gave his favorite prose writer as Diderot, his favorite occupation as "book worming," and—what ought to interest those critics who seem to have decided that nothing outside of the class struggle is now worth discussing—he set down his favorite maxim as "Nihil humanum a me alienum puto"—"I regard nothing human as alien to me."

Lenin was as little disposed to reject bourgeois culture as Marx himself. In her biographical memoir, Lenin's widow, N. K. Krupskaya, tells us that "Vladimir Ilyich [Lenin] not only read, but many times reread, Turgenev, L. Tolstoy, Chernyshevsky's 'What Is to Be Done?' and in general had a fine knowledge of, and admiration for, the classics." We learn also that at one time he was very much taken up with Latin and the Latin authors; that he eagerly scanned Goethe's "Faust" in German, Heine's poems, and Victor Hugo's poems; that he liked Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya"; and that he "placed the works of Pushkin, Lermontov, and Nekrasov by the side of his bed, along with Hegel." Madame Lenin tells an amusing story of his encounter with some young Communists. "Do you read Pushkin?" he asked them. "Oh, no, he was a bourgeois. Mayakovsky for us." Lenin smiled: "I like Pushkin better." But he admired

Mayakovsky, and even praised him once for some verses deriding Soviet bureaucracy.

If supplementary evidence is needed on this point, we have it in the list published by Joshua Kunitz in the *New Masses* of January, 1932, of the volumes which Lenin ordered for his library in 1919—"a year," Mr. Kunitz reminds us, "of economic disorganization, political counter-revolution, and impending civil war." Among the poets whose collected works were ordered were Pushkin, Lermontov, Tiutshv, and Fet, and among the prose writers Gogol, Dostoevski, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Alsakov, and Chekhov.

Even when we pass from this record of the personal tastes of Marx and Lenin to questions of theory, we find that the author of the doctrine of Economic Determinism was far from applying it with the crude, rigid, and dogmatic directness of many of those who now profess to be his followers. Unfortunately, Marx's views on the relation of literature to class are less fully set forth than we should like, but in a paper published as an appendix to "The Critique of Political Economy" he makes this significant statement:

It is well known that certain periods of highest development of art stand in no direct connection with the general development of society, nor with the material basis and the skeleton structure of its organization. Witness the example of the Greeks as compared with the modern nations or even Shakespeare.

Here is a clear acknowledgment that a work of literature is not necessarily to be dismissed as inferior because it grows out of a society in which social injustice prevails, even if it is the product of an oppressing class or of a slave-holding class. To call a work of literature "bourgeois," in other words, would not have meant for Marx that it was necessarily not a great work. And as a corollary, to call a work of art "proletarian" would not have meant for him that it was necessarily admirable.

Now that Leon Trotsky is a political exile, his ideas on any subject are presumably not as widely popular among Communists, and certainly not among the party hacks, as they once were; but his remarkable volume "Literature and Revolution," published here in 1925, was written when he still held office, and seems to me at bottom a development of the attitude already implicit in Marx. Like Marx himself, Trotsky is not free from inconsistencies. Certainly he often mistakes political for aesthetic criticism. He has a curiously ambivalent attitude toward the "fellow-travelers," at times praising, at times deriding them, and at times engaging in an unattractive heresy hunt. He insists, especially in the early part of his volume, on the essential class character of art. Social landslides, he says, reveal this as clearly as geologic landslides reveal the deposits of earth layers. But he has a genuine feeling for literature and brilliant analytical powers, and the common sense and courage to contradict the dogmas of the extremists in his own party. The italics in the following quotations are mine:

It is not true that we regard only that art as new and revolutionary which speaks of the worker, and it is nonsense to say that we demand that the poets should describe inevitably a factory chimney, or the uprising against capital! . . . Personal lyrics of the very smallest scope have an absolute right to exist within the new art. . . .

It is very true that one cannot always go by the principles of Marxism in deciding whether to reject or to accept

a work of art. A work of art should, in the first place, be judged by its own law, that is, by the law of art.

Every ruling class creates its own culture, and consequently its own art. . . . Bourgeois culture . . . has existed five centuries, but it did not reach its greatest flowering until the nineteenth century, or, more correctly, the second half of it. History shows that the formation of a new culture which centers around a ruling class demands considerable time and reaches completion only at the period preceding the political decadence of that class. . . .

The period of the social revolution, on a world scale, will last . . . decades, but not centuries. . . . Can the proletariat in this time create a new culture? It is legitimate to doubt this, because the years of social revolution will be years of fierce class struggles in which destruction will occupy more room than new construction. At any rate, the energy of the proletariat itself will be spent mainly in conquering power. . . . The cultural reconstruction which will begin when the need of the iron clutch of a dictatorship unparalleled in history will have disappeared, will not have a class character. This seems to lead to the conclusion that *there is no proletarian culture and that there never will be any*, and in fact there is no reason to regret this. The proletariat acquires power for the purpose of doing away forever with class culture and to make way for human culture. We frequently seem to forget this.

The main task of the proletarian intelligentsia in the immediate future is not the abstract formation of a new culture regardless of the absence of a basis for it, but definite culture-bearing, that is, a systematic, planful, and, of course, critical imparting to the backward masses of the essential elements of *the culture which already exists*. . . .

It would be monstrous to conclude . . . that the technique of bourgeois art is not necessary to the workers. . . .

It is childish to think that bourgeois belles-lettres can make a breach in class solidarity. What the worker will take from Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin, or Dostoevski, will be a more complex idea of human personality, of its passions and feelings, a deeper and profounder understanding of its psychic forces and of the role of the subconscious, . . .

The proletariat also needs a continuity of creative tradition. At the present time the proletariat realizes this continuity not directly, but indirectly, through the creative bourgeois intelligentsia. . . .

I apologize for these long quotations, but as I remarked at the beginning, the majority of our own so-called Marxists are so impervious to arguments from liberal and bourgeois sources that it is necessary to direct their attention at least to the tastes and opinions of the leaders they profess to follow. And these leaders at least dispose of a good deal of the nonsense about "proletarian literature." Those who seek to dismiss practically all existing culture by the mere process of labeling it "bourgeois" are not necessarily Marxists. They are simply new barbarians, celebrants of crudity and ignorance.

There is in most of the new American "Marxist" critics a deplorable mental confusion, and this mental confusion, as I have hinted, is not necessarily connected with Marxism. Marx himself would probably be distressed by the manner in which they abuse Marxian terms. A proletarian, for example, in Marx's use of the term, is an exploited

manual worker, a factory "hand," and he remains a proletarian regardless of his political or economic views. A Communist, on the other hand, is a person who, regardless of his economic position, holds a certain definite set of opinions. Most of the new "Marxian" critics use these terms interchangeably, as if they were synonyms, and as a result some very strange things happen. A Harvard graduate like Dos Passos, for example, is hailed as a great "proletarian" novelist. Still more abusive, in a double sense, is the use of "bourgeois" to mean either a person of a certain economic status or a non-Communist. Now it should not seem particularly disgraceful not to be a sweated factory worker. In this simple, descriptive, and Marxian sense of the word, Marx himself was a bourgeois economist. (As Trotsky remarks in "Literature and Revolution," "Marx and Engels came out of the ranks of the petty bourgeois democracy and, of course, were brought up on its culture and not on the culture of the proletariat.") If this economic-status meaning were adhered to, the adjective "bourgeois" would not seem particularly damning. But it is, as I have said, used also as an emotive word, a blackjack to describe non-Communists. Full advantage is taken of its historic, non-Marxian connotations—an uncultured shopkeeper, a provincial, a timidly conventional person, a non-Bohemian, a philistine.

This emotive use of words is bound to lead to mental confusion. It is impossible to make out, for example, exactly what the new Marxists mean by a "proletarian literature." Most of them, most of the time, appear to mean a literature *about* proletarians. Some of them, some of the time, seem to mean a literature *by* proletarians. Some of them, part of the time, mean a *Communist* or *revolutionary* literature; and a few of them demand nothing less than a combination of all three of these. This hardly seems to leave much room for most of what used to be called literature.

It may be well at this point to ask just how much a culture is invalidated or suspect because it is a "class" culture. We are led to suppose, under extreme interpretations of the doctrine of economic determinism, that our economic status inevitably determines our opinions, that those opinions are mere rationalizations of our class status. Let us admit the element of truth in this; let us admit that our economic status influences the opinions of each of us, in various unconscious and subtle—and sometimes not so subtle—ways. Is it impossible for the individual to surmount these limitations? Is it impossible for him, once he has recognized this prejudice, to guard against it as he guards against other prejudices? Is the limitation of class necessarily any more compelling than the limitation of country, of race, of age, of sex? Because Proust was a Frenchman, his writing is naturally colored by his French environment; it is different from what it would have been had he lived all his life in England. But does Proust's Frenchness diminish, to any extent worth talking of, his value to American readers? Shakespeare, as a seventeenth-century writer, was naturally limited by the lack of knowledge and many of the prejudices of his age; his age colors his work. Does that mean that he is of little value to the twentieth-century reader? Because Dreiser is a man, does he lose his value for women readers? Does Willa Cather lose hers for men readers? The answers to these questions are so obvious that it seems almost childish to ask them. The great writer with great imaginative gifts may universalize himself. If not in a literal

sense, then certainly in a functional sense, he can transcend the barriers of nationality, age, and sex. And certainly he can, in the same functional sense and to the same degree, transcend the barrier of class.

Indeed, the barrier of class is perhaps in some respects less difficult to surmount than the barriers of nationality, age, and sex. This is no place to examine the entire basis of communism, but it can be said that it is simply not true that the modern world, particularly the American world, consists of just two sharply defined classes. Our class boundaries are notoriously vague, loose, and shifting. True, the contrast between those at the top and those at the bottom may be just as great as the Communists say it is, but the division into just two contrasted classes is a child of the Hegelian dialectic rather than of objective fact. (Certainly that division cannot be made purely on the basis of employer and employed. A bootblack with one assistant is an "employer"; a railroad president on salary an "employee.")

There is the further question, never satisfactorily dealt with and perhaps not even clearly recognized by most Communist critics, of the distinction between genesis and value. Every opinion, stated or implied, has a right to be dealt with purely on its own merits, and must be so dealt with if there is to be any intellectual clarity. The truth or value of an idea or an attitude must ultimately be judged wholly apart from the prejudices, the interests, or the income of the man who expresses it.

All this is not to say that the question of class bias is not important in literature, science, or art. It is simply to subordinate it to its proper place. It is silly and practically meaningless, for example, to say that we have a bourgeois astronomy, a bourgeois physics, a bourgeois mathematics. Here the class bias enters to so infinitesimal an extent that it is not worth talking about. But the elements of class bias may be larger in biology—as, for example, in its answers to problems of environment and heredity. When we come to the social sciences, particularly economics, the elements of class bias may be very large. In the arts they will be present less directly: they will be smaller in poetry than in fiction, smaller in painting than in poetry, smaller in music than in painting. This distinction is clearly admitted by Trotsky. What must be decided in each case is the question of the *degree* of class bias and the real relevance of it. It may be sometimes relevant for the critic to point out the class bias or the class sympathy in any writer and just how it affects his work. It may be sometimes even more relevant, for that matter, to point to his religious bias, his nationalistic bias, his sexual bias, or the influence upon him of the bias of his age. There is no reason why any one of these should receive exclusive or constant emphasis. The greatest danger, in short, of so-called Marxian criticism in literature is that it may become infinitely boring. When we are told that Emerson was bourgeois, Poe bourgeois, Mark Twain bourgeois, Proust bourgeois, Thomas Mann bourgeois, we can only reply that this may all be very true, but that we knew it in advance and that it tells us nothing. It is like telling us that Frenchmen are French, eighteenth-century writers eighteenth-century, that atheists are not Catholics, that men are not women. What we are interested in is what distinguishes the great writer from other persons of his class, what gives him his individuality—in brief, what makes him still worth talking about at all.

# Dreiser and the American Dream\*

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

ONE of the dullest, one of the flattest States in the Union has produced some astonishing contrasts. The dulcet idiocy of Graustark and the collar factory of Carthage, "Fables in Slang" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"—all were conceived in the brains of Indiana men. From Indiana came the masters of the world of papier mache—Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, George Barr McCutcheon. From Indiana came a remarkable realist, Theodore Dreiser, and an equally remarkable satirist, George Ade.

Theodore Dreiser was born in Terre Haute on August 27, 1871, the son of John Paul and Sarah Dreiser. G. K. Chesterton would term the Dreisers "downstarts": they were formed, like the parents of Charles Dickens, for failure. As the elder Dreiser's Catholicism was as unintermittent as it was fanatical, he became the father of thirteen children, of whom ten reached maturity. The children were more or less kept together by the hold the self-sacrificing, idealistic mother retained upon their affections. When she died, the revolt against the father was consummated and the family finally dispersed, each child to make his own way to the best of his ability.

Theodore Dreiser's childhood years determined the color of his mind. At an early age he met the raw realities—poverty, birth, death, sex. They were to abide with him through his lifetime and, by obsessing him, obscure from him the subtleties of human character. The crazy Roman Catholicism which the father sought to impose upon his children engendered in the young Theodore a hatred of all forms of traditional religious doctrine. This in turn was to predispose him toward the romantic materialism of his later years. Spencer and Huxley, with some help from Nietzsche, would provide him precisely with the intellectual weapons he needed to defeat, if but in imagination, the hated authority of his father.

But it was the family's ambiguous economic and social status which was to influence his imagination most powerfully and impart a characteristic tone to all his work. In the hearts of the elder Dreisers worked a constant urge toward the genteel and respectable; and always this urge was defeated by poverty, by their bewilderment before an America which in later years their son would make such an effort to understand. They never struck roots, the itinerant Dreisers, never identified themselves with a fixed environment or a fixed social milieu. Something in them rose superior to the petty mechanics and worried tradesmen who were their neighbors, and yet they never could command the bank balance necessary to make good this superiority. The children, breaking with the conventional standards of their parents, nevertheless in their own way felt the call of the next higher social level. To them it meant riches, gaiety, esteem, the world of the hotel lobby. The young Theodore watched his sisters "Amy" and "Janet" flutter forth out of the depressing atmosphere of home into the universe of

light, carriage rides, fur coats, adventure, the big city. His elder brother, Paul, whose unforgettable portrait he was to draw in "Twelve Men," would arrive from Chicago or New York glowing with financial success, his eyes lit with laughter and the memory and anticipation of pleasure, full of stories of men who were rising in the world. There was evidently another America beyond the quiet streets of Warsaw, Indiana, an America of success, adventure, laughter, beautiful women, power, wealth. Whispers from this great outside America drifted in and caught the ear of the visionary Theodore. He looked about him, at his dour, unsuccessful, God-fooled father, at his mother with her sad, patient face and work-worn fingers—and there was born in him the desire to arrive, to be famous and wealthy and admired, companion to the masters of the world. That moment was the great moment of creative crystallization, for in it were born Sister Carrie and Jennie Gerhardt and Cowperwood and Eugene Witla and Clyde Griffiths. They all are part of Theodore Dreiser and the hopeful America of his youth and manhood. Their aspirations, silly, sad, or magnificent, are his.

The fear of poverty is the central drive behind his entire career as an artist. It sank deeply into him and was to set up conflicts in his nature as titanic and confused as their resolution in his arduous novels. And yet Dreiser is not obsessed by gross material ambitions. Acquisitiveness for its own sake has probably interested him as little as it has any active man of his time. He has, of course, the normal desire to get ahead, but stronger than this is the desire to watch the procession, to understand the mad, glorious scramble. That part of him which cried out for power over human beings was to satisfy itself through the creation of surrogates—Witla, Cowperwood. The executive brain, the ruthlessness, the single-mindedness of a Frick, a Yerkes, a Jay Cooke—though they mesmerized him, they were not qualities in which he shared. What was important was to breathe this atmosphere, to luxuriate in the passionate contemplation of wealth and power. He had to rid himself of that "indefinable dread," the memory of Warsaw and Sullivan and those miserable Chicago days when the boy Dreiser scraped rust from second-hand stoves, drove a laundry wagon through ice-glazed streets, washed dishes in a stinking Greek lunchroom. How eager he is to run Sister Carrie and Eugene Witla and Frank Cowperwood up the social ladder, to introduce the favored children of his brain to the world of the hotel lobby which had been denied him as a boy!

But it is interesting to note that his victims—Hurstwood and Clyde Griffiths—are more impressive than his successes. It is not Sister Carrie's rise but her lover's fall that we remember. The tragedy of failure is near to Dreiser: he saw it played out on the petty stage of his own father's life. "Poverty and defeat and social ill-being" were the succubi which drew Hurstwood and Clyde out of his vitals. Thus, the decay of Hurstwood is real, unromanticized. There is nothing between us and Hurstwood, no cloudy theories, no

\* The first of a series of articles by Mr. Fadiman on American novelists.—EDITOR THE NATION.

laboring "style," no got-up descriptions of high life. Similarly the story of Griffiths, the white-collar weakling, carries greater conviction than the story of Frank Cowperwood, the superman of the traction trust. Despite all of Dreiser's admiration for the world of wealth and power (or perhaps because of it), he has never penetrated to its center, though he has made gigantic efforts to do so. But something about the spectacle of failure and poverty touches upon the deep terror of his being. The brooding mind does not brood on triumph but on the littleness of triumph; and less on this than on death and disintegration and the dashing of men's hopes.

It is easy enough, at this late date, to list Dreiser's deficiencies. It is more difficult to recollect that but for Dreiser we should not possess the insight enabling us to list them at all. It is easy to accuse Dreiser and Anderson of naivete; but is it not by virtue of their naivete that we are sophisticated? Furthermore, do we not feel instinctively that their innocence is more fruitful for us than the "wisdom" of some of their contemporaries, such as Mr. Cabell and Edith Wharton? If Theodore Dreiser had not battered away, clumsily, humorlessly, at the tradition of puritanism, we should not now be able to smile at it with a graceful condescension. Dreiser's defects, like a warrior's wounds, are eloquent of struggle. To hack a path through the thick jungle of American life as it appeared, let us say, at the turn of the century, was no job for a thin-skinned or "cultivated" writer. Broad axes, not razors, clear forests. Henry Adams possessed an intelligence ten, perhaps fifty times as cultivated as Dreiser's, but his very cultivation defeated him, touched his most illuminating insights with the weakness of theory. Out of his noble detachment came "The Education" and "Mont St. Michel"; out of Dreiser's unselective absorption came "Sister Carrie" and "An American Tragedy." As art forms these novels are perhaps inferior to the books of Henry Adams, but of the actualities of American life they are far more revelatory.

In popular language Dreiser is a realist. Apparently he deals descriptively with material directly before him. But more precisely, he is a romantic, because his attitude toward this material is one of wonder or horror or joy: the simpler emotions beyond which one must advance if the analytic faculty is to come into play at all. The point becomes clearer if Dreiser is set beside his master, Balzac. Dreiser and Balzac have somewhat the same preoccupations—women and success. They approach their worlds from the same direction. But Balzac *does* more with his. He creates forms and interpretations. In a word, Balzac does not *brood*. He is too intelligent for brooding, too superior to his own fictions. Brooding is the most sophisticated form of day-dreaming. It is a form of mental activity from which is excluded the idea of logical progression. It is the key to the limitations of Dreiser's mind and of the minds he has influenced.

Out of his view of life as unanalyzable flux Dreiser manages to generate a kind of wild poetry, more palatable in his day than in ours. For this view does not lead to cynicism, poetry's assassin, but to romance—the romance of materialism. It leads him to celebrate, almost Homerically, the achievements of his Witlas and his Cowperwoods, to exclaim, as he does in "The Titan": "How wonderful it is that men grow until, like colossi, they bestride the world, or, like banyan-trees, they drop roots from every branch and are themselves a forest—a forest of intricate commercial life,

of which a thousand material aspects are the evidence." A sentence such as this reflects the unconscious feeling of a time in which the monstrous and complicated achievements of free capitalist energy were still an occasion for wonder rather than for analysis or condemnation.

It is certainly noteworthy that in the twelve hundred pages of the history of Frank Cowperwood there are very few, if any, which attempt, in realistic social terms, an interpretation of his predatory career. There is hardly a passage which evaluates that career in terms of its effect on human life. There is no word of the tens of thousands who paid, in blood and in toil, that Cowperwood might amass his tasteless art collection and equally insipid collection of women. By 1925 Dreiser's point of view is to undergo a radical transformation; but at this period in his career the Nero-like magnificence of Cowperwood's rise is all that interests him. He creates the epic of the financial manipulator as *individual*. The sources of Cowperwood's profits are never questioned, or are taken for granted; nor is the life he and his kind engendered in America ever envisioned in detail. In his passionate, romantic absorption with finance in a vacuum (finance as an "art," as Dreiser puts it) he is representative of much of the sentiment of his time. He qualified "The 'Genius'" with quotation marks, but not "The Titan" or "The Financier."

As capitalist America approached its agony, Dreiser's tone changed, deepened. There is surely a great difference between the melancholy admiration with which he views the career of Sister Carrie in 1900 and the tragic relentlessness with which the tragedy of Clyde is pounded home in 1925. His view of the relations between the individual and society, while it does not achieve complete clarification, has none the less enlarged. Hurstwood is the victim of his excessive sexuality and his weakness of will. Clyde suffers from the same defects of character; but his effect on us is larger and more intense because his whole make-up is related to the world which produced and ruined him. What was Clyde's crime? For what was he punished? For rebelling against the established order? No, on the contrary, for *not* rebelling against it. His misfortune lay in his pathetic acceptance of its dogmas, its superstitions, its ideals.

This is Clyde's individual tragedy. It is also the tragedy of his particular class. And finally it is part of the tragedy of everyone in the book, and, by implication, everyone in America. That is why it has a certain inclusiveness not present in a Greek drama, however inferior it must finally be judged as art. As Dreiser makes abundantly clear, the seeming victors responsible for the ruin of Clyde are not themselves much better off. They lack any real purpose in life other than the witless display of wealth and power. They lack wisdom, they lack moral health. They do not even have enough energy in them to get any satisfaction from their ruinous handiwork. They are perverted by their power as Clyde was by his defenselessness. They may not sit finally in the electric chair, but they have created the society out of which come the electric chair and the Clyde Griffiths who die in it. Upon their prostrate souls lies the shame of the society they have erected, its aimlessness, its cruelty, its futility. Thus the ruin of the victim and the guilt of the victor are seen as the obverse and reverse of the same process. It is only when they are viewed together that the full significance of Dreiser's work becomes clear.

## Homage to an Ancestor (1783-1880)

By HORACE GREGORY

Remember Dublin under the stone cross  
down Sackville Street: mount stairs at Trinity:  
wake from its blackbird towers toward the quay  
to count the stars that run with Liffey's tide  
and rise tomorrow in the Irish Sea.

How is the firmament tonight my lord?  
where Robert Emmet (seagreen Lycidas  
of my heart) once bowed and walked with me.

The crops failed under a cold moon when he died.

Close Dublin castle doors—goodby my city!  
The gates are shut; give the dead man my key—

(Here where Wisconsin maples climb the sky  
return to Calvary, see grass-hedged flowers  
open their stars at noon, witness the grave:  
assemble seasons, count the days, the hours  
that lie within his bones:

how deep, how many years?

Compute his birth by Greek astronomy:  
cover the face, the hands were ivory,  
the lips were fire and in this darkness  
where the limbs expire  
only the echoes of the voice remain.)

I should have been a king of liberty,  
sat with the queen in Cassiopeia's chair  
in this new land this inland island where  
ave Marias, blessed by the pope, immaculate,  
flower toward God upon a Sunday morning

I saw my empire vanish and bright Monticellos fade

Was I White Father of Menomenee?

The words are spoken with a broken memory for names,  
my brain a mausoleum of dead wives  
Even the girls are gone, their delicate  
bodies in the eastwind, their small breasts sighing  
prayers for an old man's soul that sailed at midnight,  
steered three thousand leagues  
off Capricorn where rats command the ship and pilgrims die  
like Mormons in a covered-wagon desert  
O Robert Emmet: *when my nation*  
*takes its place among the ruins of the earth*, then only then  
will I return again.

These are my acres:

stockyard tenements, old iron rooted in river clay—

give them away;

they are my epitaph. My sons inherit  
ten square miles of wind and rain.

Is the hearse ready? Feed the horses; it is a long ride east—  
[ward.

## Books Journey's End

*Remembrance of Things Past. Part Seven: The Past Recaptured.* By Marcel Proust. Translated by Frederick A. Blossom. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

THE last volume of Proust's great novel furnishes the key to the whole. Carrying the story of the narrator's life up to the moment when he is ready to begin the book for which his entire existence has been a preparation, it rounds off each of the innumerable subsidiary stories, and for the first time it makes perfectly explicit both the metaphysical idea upon which the author's method is based and the relation of all his many themes one to another. We know from a published letter that Proust originally thought of his novel as considerably shorter than it turned out to be, but all of its essential features must have been in his mind when he began, and nothing about the whole amazing achievement is more remarkable than the way in which literally hundreds of apparently independent characters, situations, and *aperçus* are finally discovered to be all parts of an almost unbelievably intricate but unified pattern.

The casual reader will, to be sure, make no such discovery, and he may be readily forgiven if the huge work seems to him only a brilliant miscellany. Indeed, the most careful first reading will fail to give adequately even a general idea of the plan of the whole, and will fail to do so for the simple reason that no human memory is good enough to retain from one such reading all that it is necessary to have in mind before the main outlines of the structure begin to be appreciated. But anyone who will turn back to the first fifty pages of the first volume, and will note how one seemingly random paragraph after another introduces the various themes which are later to be developed and related in counterpoint fashion, will begin to understand how the whole is put together, and will find himself upon the road to one discovery after another, until he is brought at last to the realization that literature has few if any parallels to a structure so vast yet so unified as this. "Remembrance of Things Past" is, indeed, like some enormous building whose grand outlines can be perceived only when one stands a little away from it, but whose details, also, are planned with such exquisite precision that one must examine them bit by bit. It is like a great cathedral in which one may wander day by day, making new discoveries at each visit, and marveling that one could have overlooked yesterday some grace of decoration or some neat rightness of structure which is so overwhelmingly beautiful today.

Elsewhere I have attempted to analyze at some length the work as a whole—to discuss Proust's theory of art, to outline the main features of his pattern, and to interpret his novel as the story of his disillusion with the actual world as typified by his disillusion with that world of fashionable society where he had hoped to find the brilliance, the wit, the taste, and the generosity which, so he had thought, should exist there if they existed anywhere. In this review it is impossible to undertake anything so ambitious, but I may call attention to the two features of this last volume which make it more essential than any of the other single volumes to an understanding of Proust. In the first place, none of the other individual episodes is more brilliant in itself or more revealing in respect to the emotional tone of the whole than that which is concerned with the final, grotesquely horrible degeneration of the great M. de Charlus, or that which describes the accomplished cruelty of the death-blow which the actress Rachel gives to the pride of her aging rival,

Berma. In the second place, much of the second section of the last volume is given over to a description of the process by which the narrator achieves that recovery of past time which he has retired from the world to achieve, and which has been assumed through all the preceding instalments.

Early in the first volume the narrator had had his now famous adventure with the madeleine dipped in a cup of tea. When he touched it to his lips the identity of the sensation with that experienced in childhood caused a vision to break upon him, and like a group of those magic flowers which the Japanese cause to expand in a bowl of water:

... all the flowers of our garden and of Swann's park, the water lilies of the Vivonne, and the good people of the village with their little houses and the church and all its environs—came forth, town and gardens alike, from my cup of tea.

The vividness of that vision set him off upon his long quest for the means, not merely of remembering past time, but of recovering it with that completeness which made the just-recaptured hours of his childhood actually present and relivable. That he ultimately succeeded in his quest, the almost endless narrative which follows is evidence, but it is not until it is about to reach its end that the present is caught up with and the moment comes to describe that rapid series of incidents, each parallel to the incident of the madeleine, which gave him success just when he had despaired not only of life but of literature. Did something of the kind actually happen to Proust, or is the whole elaborate account of the process by which the great enlightenment took place merely his way of suggesting the difference between the pale, fragmentary character of mere memory and one of those works of art of which we can say, not only that its characters are real, but also that the life which it holds is changeless—"forever wilt thou love and she be fair"?

Perhaps the question does not need to be answered. The fact remains that the whole strange account of the narrator's quasi-mystical experience serves perfectly to crown the book and to maintain that curious, fascinating dubiety everywhere evident whenever one stops to ask to what extent the narrator and Marcel Proust himself are identical. To one who has lived in the work for all the hours required to read it, the story of how the past was finally recaptured is approached with all the thrill appropriate to a long-awaited revelation, and it is introduced with a characteristically Proustian sentence uttered by the narrator just after he has finished describing the hopelessness of his despair:

But sometimes it is just at the moment when all appears lost that a signal comes which may save us; after knocking at all the doors that lead nowhere, the only one through which we can enter, one which we might have sought in vain for a hundred years, we stumble against unwittingly, and it opens.

The critics are already almost acrimoniously divided over the question of the rank which ought to be assigned to "Remembrance of Things Past." If I understand them aright, those who would deny it a place at or near the top of the list of all the books written in the twentieth century base their objections chiefly upon the fact that it is not, according to them, at all like what the great modern novel ought to be. Specifically, it is contemplative and concerned with the experiences of an individual soul; it is Apollonian rather than Dionysian; and it does not deal with any contemporary problems in economics or sociology. But though all this is true, those of us who believe it to be a really major work are inclined to ask whether it would not be better to leave aside the dubious question of what a great novel ought to do and to be willing to consider simply what this one does. Nor does it seem to me possible that, if that is done, any critic can fail to grant the triumphant success of this Gargantuan tale. Once it has been read, it is literally

unforgettable. The experiences which it affords become never-to-be-lost parts of one's own experience. Half a dozen of the individual characters, as well as the conception as a whole, are solid, unescapable, and like some event of history they are always there whether one approves or disapproves, admires or despises. No student of literature, whatever his opinions or his tastes, can forget its existence, and it could no more be done away with in response to an aesthetic whim than a pyramid or a cathedral could be done away with by some advocate of an exclusively "modern" world. Of how many other books written during the last thirty years can that be said?

Incidentally, it is a curious fact that "Remembrance of Things Past" was too long for both its author and its translator. The former died before he had revised his last volume, and the latter before he had translated it. "The Past Recaptured" is done into English by Dr. Frederick Blossom, and while I have not made any detailed comparisons with the original text, he seems to have accomplished admirably his very difficult task.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## The Art of Dulness

*Summer Is Ended.* By John Herrmann. Covici-Friede. \$2.

"CHARLOTTE DALE had felt from her high-school days that what she wanted most in life was a home and children, quite a few children, and for their father she wanted Carl Yoeman." This is the first sentence of "Summer Is Ended," and the rest of the book tells how Charlotte married Carl, and why she was unlikely to have any children. Starting on a small-town newspaper, Charlotte subsequently got a job in Detroit, and finally had a good position with a New York advertising agency. But all the time she wanted Carl. At one point she was engaged to him, but he threw her over for another girl. After she learned that he had not married the other girl, she followed him to Paris, found him, lived with him, and presumably married him. She learned, however, that because of an abortion that had followed an attempt to forget his jilting her, she was sterile.

Why John Herrmann wrote this book it is difficult to imagine. Its irony is, of course, clear, and it is conceivable that something rather moving might have been made of Charlotte's story. But Herrmann has resolutely devoted himself to making his account just as dull and trivial as possible. With the most austere consistency he has recorded every banality of his characters' speech, and he has molded his own style on the model of their conversation. His vocabulary, for the purposes of this book, is that of a moron; his sentence structure has the inflexibility of the letters of a twelve-year-old; his prose moves with the gracelessness of a freshman theme.

It must have taken a good deal of effort to achieve such perfect flatness, to keep the characters from being even slightly interesting, to hold the style unblemished by vigor or freshness. But what end is the effort supposed to serve? The long short story Herrmann contributed to *Scribner's* had the same sort of conscientious colorlessness, but the reader came to have enough feeling for the jewelry salesman to be moved by his tragedy, and there was even a suggestion, though rather clumsily introduced, of the breakdown of the salesman's world. Here there is nothing, nothing but the bald account of a thoroughly dull young woman who wants children and does not get them.

John Herrmann ought to snap out of it. That he is a talented young man one can hardly deny; only an artist could have kept himself down to such a level for 286 pages. But what does he think he is doing? To an outsider it looks as if there were hundreds of fine themes lying around begging for some author to use them, especially some author with an interest in

the revolutionary cause. But Herrmann can have his Charlottes and Carls if he will do something with them, if he will make them live, if he will give them to us as part of twentieth-century America. You could almost believe he was hypnotized; one wishes one knew the formula that would break the spell.

GRANVILLE HICKS

## The Founder of Pragmatism

*Collected Papers of Charles S. Peirce.* Edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Volume I: *Principles of Philosophy*. Volume II: *Elements of Logic*. Harvard University Press. \$5 a volume.

LESS than thirty years ago William James and Josiah Royce, anxious that their students should have the opportunity of hearing Charles S. Peirce, their master in philosophy, sought to arrange such a meeting. President Eliot, widely known as a courageous champion of academic as well as of other kinds of freedom, refused to allow Peirce to enter any room of Harvard University, and James and Royce had to hire a private hall. Now Harvard University is, at considerable expense, publishing Peirce's "Collected Papers" in ten magnificent volumes. This contrast between the scorn for the living and the glorification of the dead is not only dramatic but significant.

Those who see history in terms of sex morality, or of some other variant of the motto "Cherchez la femme," may well say that Peirce was excluded because the incidents of his divorce shocked the Mrs. Grundys of his day; and that since then public opinion has changed in this respect. Those who follow the economic interpretation of history may insist that since 1903 American university teachers have become better organized, more conscious of their professional claims, and therefore firmer in their academic demands. In any case we can look upon this splendid edition of Peirce's works as a symbol of the truth that academic America can, like Rome, erect monuments to, and sanctify, those that it has burned—except that New England does not wait centuries thus to atone for its past errors.

There can be no doubt that Peirce's intellectual gifts were to an irreparable extent burned by the prevailing hostility of his generation. He was endowed with a mind that was extraordinarily subtle, free, and fertile in general ideas, and his training gave him a knowledge of the whole field of science that was unmatched among philosophers in its extent and depth. The son of one of America's greatest mathematicians, and brought up as it were in a laboratory, Charles Peirce himself made noteworthy contributions in diverse fields of science, in logic and mathematics, in photometric astronomy, in geodesy and gravitation, and in experimental psychology as well as philology. Here, indeed, was the ideal teacher for any young active mind that was ready to receive ideas and to devote life's best energies to developing the wealth of their implications.

But, alas! The very untrammelled nature of Peirce's mind, which made him so valuable in the field of thought, made him intolerable to officials whose demands for practical team work could not brook his essential capriciousness and outright waywardness. For only a few years, at Johns Hopkins, was an academic career opened to him. And there he showed not only an unparalleled power to fructify active minds—Professor Jastrow and the late Mrs. Ladd Franklin have given ample proof of this—but his own thought was clarified by the impulse to coherent intelligibility which good teaching stimulates. Deprived of this needed opportunity and stimulus, he became more and more self-involved, fragmentary, and almost wilfully obscure. In his later years he lived entirely as a recluse, shut up in his garret with his rope ladder pulled up after him. His

work thus suffered from the absence of intellectual intercourse between him and those who, like Peano, Frege, and Russell, were working in the same field. He thus lost the impulse to check his own fanciful opinions (as, for instance, his spiritual interpretation of ladies' perfumes) and became crabbedly and captiously opinionated about things beyond his knowledge, as in his references to the higher criticism of the Bible and to Claude Bernard. He thus sometimes failed to complete his knowledge on essentials, for example, in regard to Leibnitz, who blazed many of the trails along which Peirce and other modern logicians have been proceeding.

It is necessary to keep the foregoing in mind to judge properly the volumes before us. Of the first volume only a negligible fraction was ever prepared for publication by Peirce himself. Following a somewhat questionable policy, the editors have relegated to later volumes Peirce's finished or published papers which give a more concrete picture of his general philosophy. But even the whole of what Peirce has left us consists only of fragments of a great system along logical lines on which he was working, not continuously, but by fits and starts from diverse angles. Even if he had lived to finish it, it would have been caviar to the general. For he was essentially a pioneer who lived with new and strange ideas; and he wrote for those willing to think for themselves and find out the truth, not for those who wish philosophy ladled out to them. "There are philosophic soup-shops at every corner, thank God!"

Despite, however, the unfinished character of Peirce's philosophy, his many variations and even contradictions, one great principle remained his polestar—and that was the reality of general ideas or universals. In this he was opposed to the general nominalistic tendency of all modern philosophy to believe that only particular things in time and space are real. Repelled by the abuses of later scholastic realism and on the other hand by the suicidal character of the idea that all general terms are mere sounds or marks devoid of any objective meaning, modern philosophy has for the most part adopted a disguised form of nominalism that is called conceptualism; that is, it has given universals a dubious existence by placing them "in the mind only." But abstract predicates, relations, and laws are asserted not only of the mind but of objects in the natural or physical world. We say *things* remain identical, equal in length, or change according to the law of multiple proportion. It is therefore irrelevant to the truth or falsity of such objective statements to drag in ideas which exist only in individual minds to which the objective world is "external." If the chemical law of multiple proportion is true, it was true before any human beings came on the scene. Moreover, if there is one thing that Bishop Berkeley *did* prove, it was that the difficulty concerning universals is in no way removed by placing them in the mind. The basic opposition to the conception of universals as real parts or phases of nature comes from the inveterate "practical" or materialistic prejudice in favor of the tangible objects of our sense perception, so that we tend to think of abstract humanity or triangularity as if it were an additional man or triangle. It is this latter view that is readily refuted by asking, Where is this general man or general triangle that is not anything or anywhere in particular? But the question *where* literally applies only to concrete objects in space. True universals or laws of nature are not additional objects, but the conditions of objects being what they are. Thought, to be sure, is required to apprehend the universal relations which constitute the meaning of things. But our individual thinking only brings before us and does not create or determine the character of the objects thought about. The truths of mathematics and logic, Peirce insists, have to be discovered, and are no more subject to our fiat than are the truths of astronomy. A false inference remains false even if we cannot resist the tendency which makes us wrong.

Peirce's realism has important consequences. Theoretically it leads to the study of the character of objects apart from the psychologic processes that may go on in the individuals who think about these objects. Peirce thus anticipates the science of phenomenology by which Meinong, Husserl, and their disciples have revolutionized German thought in the last two decades. It will, I think, be found that Peirce has more substance and less pedantic machinery than the German movement. Realism also leads Peirce to make significant contributions to the important but neglected problem concerning the nature of significant signs, the basis of any adequate philosophy of language that can be an aid to logic and to social science.

The practical consequence of Peirce's realism is his sharp distinction between what is useful and what is true. The founder of pragmatism insisted that theoretic science can aim only at knowing the truth, and consideration of utility is foreign to it. Anyone who subordinates the pursuit of truth to any other end, even if it be the welfare of others, ceases to be a scientist to that extent—even if it be claimed that he becomes something better. If the physiologist or pathologist, when cutting up an animal, thinks of how many human lives may be thereby prolonged (into happiness or misery), he will be devoting so much less needed attention to the problem before him. The solution of these problems of science primarily depends on critical care and not on philanthropic motives. As a logician Peirce is rightly jealous of the integrity of scientific procedure. He is impressed, as all honest men should be, by the extent to which practical interests corrupt our reasoning power and make us ignore logical consequences in favor of desired conclusions that are in no way justified by their premises. The backward state of philosophy is due to the fact that its devotees "have not been animated by the true scientific Eros," but have been "inflamed with a desire to amend the lives of themselves and others." "Exaggerated regard for morality is unfavorable for scientific progress." For morality, "the folklore of right conduct," is essentially conservative and thus hostile to free inquiry. Morality is necessary for the good life but is not the whole of it.

Excessive preoccupation with what are regarded as matters of vital importance is the essence of illiberality and leads, according to Peirce, to the American worship of business, which kills disinterested science and makes for barbarism. Peirce's pragmatism asserts that the meaning of an idea is to be found by considering all the *possible* practical consequences that would follow from believing the proposition that embodies it. But the deduction of practical or other consequences is a matter of science. Peirce did not—certainly not in his later years—believe that action was the ultimate end of man. He regarded that view with abhorrence. Science is degraded if turned to potboiling, "whether the pot to be boiled is today's or the hereafter's." Absorption in science has a much higher value. The pursuit of truth like that of beauty gives us the divine spark of blessedness.

Another fundamental idea which distinguished Peirce and set his generation against him was the idea of real chance or radical indeterminism. This is an idea which is rapidly coming into vogue today through the statistical view of nature; but it needs more critical attention than it has as yet received. For the fact that phenomena do not precisely satisfy any known laws does not prove that their course cannot be formulated in more complicated laws. But this is a topic which is only faintly indicated in the two volumes before us. Peirce gave it more thorough attention in some published papers which I have reprinted in the second part of "Chance, Love and Logic," and which will, no doubt, be included in the fifth and sixth volumes of the present edition.

What has Peirce to offer to our present generation? Any attempt at a definitive answer now would be premature. We can only say that men like James and Royce have been nourished

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by fragments of his philosophy, and that our present generation has caught up with him and is in a better position profitably to develop more of his fruitful ideas. Certainly in the field of exact science, in logic and mathematics, those who, like Russell, have worked along his lines have molded our most advanced thinking.

There is, however, one general observation which the history of philosophy justifies us in making with considerable confidence. Anglo-American philosophy since Locke has, on the whole, been unduly centered about man's psychologic nature and moral duties. Such concentration on human affairs has always made philosophy narrow and illiberal—witness the Roman and later Greek periods. For it impoverishes philosophy to minimize those cosmic interests which have always constituted its life-blood. And our view of the human scene becomes narrow, unilluminated, and passionate if we do not rise above its immediate urgency and see it in its cosmic roots and backgrounds. Plato is reputed to have written over the door of his academy: Let none ignorant of geometry enter here; and, later, Spinoza showed the high serenity which comes from bringing to the discussion of human passions the spirit in which the mathematician discusses lines and circles. Recent revolutionary developments in mathematics and physics have stimulated men's imaginations to a remarkable extent, and have invited philosophy to reenter its neglected domain. To aid in this, no philosopher offers more direct help than does Charles S. Peirce. Though he has been dead for eighteen years, he was in live contact with the forces which have molded modern mathematics and physics; and perhaps the very fact that his ideas are not completely articulated may make them all the more serviceable in the necessary task of reorganizing our general views of the cosmos so as to make them more in harmony with recent experimental discoveries. "Blessed are we if the immolation of our being can weld together the smallest part of the great cosmos of ideas."

It would be unfair to write anything at all about this edition of Peirce's papers without expressing admiration for the work of the editors. Only one who saw the manuscripts in their original chaos can fully appreciate the imaginative labor involved. Doubtless there will be differences of opinion on questions of arrangement, and especially about breaking up the "Grand Logic" which Peirce himself prepared for publication. But no one can fail to be grateful for the thorough and patient intelligence which has made Peirce's work so available.

MORRIS R. COHEN

## One-Man Show

*Opium.* By Jean Cocteau. Translated from the French by Ernest Boyd. Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.

BY adding "The Diary of an Addict" as a subtitle to Jean Cocteau's "Opium" the publishers have tried to lend a scientific value to these pseudo-naïve jottings, making them seem like an unconscious record of narcosis. And Cocteau himself has wished, rather hopefully, that his book may "find a place amongst the pamphlets of doctors." Yet the candid reader need not feel ashamed if he reads it carefully and studies its twenty-seven modish drawings—"made by the author when partially under the influence of opium"—but fails to get a single whiff of the poppy. The book may have been prepared in a clinic while Cocteau was being cured of the opium habit, but certainly there is not a moment when he allows us to catch him off guard, at the mercy of his drug. Always he is the alert Parisian aesthete, with about the canniest sense in the world of what will be fashionable in art. We can say bluntly, then, that his book, lacking any unconsciousness whatever, performs not the slightest service to science; it is simply a new work by

Jean Cocteau, an intellectual notebook, ramblingly and rather indulgently autobiographical, with opium as its starting-point.

This is not necessarily to dispraise it. However we may deplore the faking, the adolescence, the hysteria, the nonsense of the special art world of which he is the product and the master, we cannot help admiring Jean Cocteau. For he is, as he claims more than once, a poet; and he has unmistakably a kind of genius. How he despises, and rightly, the other snobs! No one else can compare with him at the game of sensing and setting the style.

There are persons who, overcoming their moral standards and social seriousness, can feel enthusiasm for any kind of genius, whether it expresses itself in bunco-steering, paper-doll cutting, or dandyism. "Opium," if they can follow its advance-guard references, may be recommended to such. It is by the acknowledged leader of the aesthetic smart set, and one of the cleverest pens in the world. No one will complain because its subject never gets in the way of its author. To borrow a phrase from the galleries, this is a one-man show of Cocteau.

GERALD SYKES

## De Voto's America

*Mark Twain's America.* By Bernard De Voto. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

"I HAVE no theory about Mark Twain," says Mr. De Voto in his foreword; and goes on in a loud, angry voice to develop several theories about Mark Twain and mid-nineteenth-century America.

If he ever reads the second half of the foregoing sentence he will be angrier still, for he hates literary theories as other men hate wrist watches. He would not be caught dead with one on him if he could help it. I am sure he would have burned the manuscript of this book if it had been disclosed to him that one reviewer would accuse him of possessing general ideas. I do so accuse him, and will point them out.

His original anger is at Van Wyck Brooks, whom for three hundred pages he kicks around for having written "America's Coming-of-Age" and "The Ordeal of Mark Twain"—more particularly, of course, the latter—and for having inspired Waldo Frank and Lewis Mumford to write similar nonsense. None of these gentlemen, he says, knows anything about Mark Twain or about the America which produced him. He knows, however. He is a "literary skeptic"; impatient with literary ideas, he merely gathers "facts" and studies them until they yield "the truth"; and here are "the facts" about Mark Twain.

"It is not only that Mark Twain never became anything but a humorist, realist, and satirist of the frontier; he never desired to be anything else." This is stated as a fact, and is the thesis of Mr. De Voto's book. But how does Mr. De Voto know what Mark Twain's desires were? Mr. Brooks thought he knew; he psychoanalyzed Samuel Clemens. And Mr. Brooks is anathema to Mr. De Voto for thinking he knew. How, I wonder, does Mr. De Voto know? For he does act as if he knew. He describes Mark Twain's books in such a way as to make his statement plausible. He rather waves away, for instance, the romantic chapters which introduce "Life on the Mississippi"; and he puts the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" in their place. He does seem to make the facts fit. But that is it. Fit what? A theory: "Mark Twain never became anything but a humorist of the frontier and never desired to be anything else."

Of course it is necessary for him then to say a good deal about the frontier which Mr. Brooks knows nothing about. I agree that Mr. Brooks knows little about it. But I cannot agree with Mr. De Voto that he knows enough to justify the

swagger he puts on; and I doubt very much whether the America he describes with so much learning would recognize itself in his pages. For one can be learned about the past and still be far from understanding it. Mr. De Voto knows old American humor as well as anybody does; and he knows the wilder aspects of frontier life—the brawling, the bawdry, the dances and the songs, the tall tales and the merry ones. But that this was America is, I submit, a theory, just as Mr. Brooks's account of a nation starved in brain and heart was a theorist's account.

Mr. De Voto would have written a better book if he had known the kind he was writing—if he had known that in his book, too, thought was required. Charging blindly into the territory which Mr. Brooks has long dominated by virtue of a beautiful and sinuous intelligence, he leaves himself open on every side. And he never really answers Mr. Brooks, since the only thing that can answer a theory consciously held is another theory consciously held. Mr. De Voto thinks he is meeting a theory with facts, but as is usual in such situations he only gets tangled in a profusion of data. His data concerning American humor and the humor which Mark Twain wrote actually support the contention of "The Ordeal" that something better had been possible. And his proof that the pioneer democrat thought pretty regularly about sex fits fatally well with Waldo Frank's notion that he was aware of sex in the wrong way. Perhaps it was the right way after all. Mr. De Voto does not see that he might so argue.

He sees nothing, indeed, but the mass of information he has collected. It is a big mass, for his energy is enormous, and it has its value. But it must wait for someone less cantankerous than he, and more willingly intellectual, to establish what this value is.

MARK VAN DOREN

## The Lawrence Letters

*The Letters of D. H. Lawrence.* With an Introduction by Aldous Huxley. The Viking Press. \$5.

IN the midst of the "nightmare" of the war—in February, 1916—Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell: "The only thing now to be done is either to go down with the ship . . . or . . . leave the ship and like a castaway live a life apart. As for me, I do not belong to the ship; I will not, if I can help it, sink with it."

Doughty words. But, perhaps to his credit, Lawrence was not to find himself able to carry them out. A man vulnerable to a snowfall or a decaying flower, a world catastrophe was hardly likely to leave him unaffected. In 1927 he wrote to Dr. Trigant Burrow: "What ails me is the absolute frustration of my primeval societal instinct."

The letters are a revealing record of the course of this frustrated "societal" instinct. The condition was partly personal, but the letters show conclusively how much the debacle of Western society contributed to it. From the point of the war onward, Lawrence's life was an effort to find some surcease from the "doom of Europe." And it is notable, comparing the pre-war with the post-war letters, how much the tone of irascibility and contrariness increased. He did not belong to the ship, but he could not leave it.

Of course it was not just the war. Lawrence was the sensitive victim of a whole complex of breaking-down factors: Victorian prudery, economic materialism, the "scientific" isolation of the mental from the connective world.

But Lawrence was, among the run of "men of letters," outstandingly a man driven, a man of destiny, the vehicle, like Plato's poet, of gods or demons within him. This is what

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makes him so interesting, not only as a writer, but as a man. Of the more generic literary type—even creators of estimable works, like Mann or Joyce or Proust—the human lives are insignificant and pale compared to the imaginative efforts. With Lawrence it is different; as with Whitman, the person and the writer are more integral; touch him at any point and one is interested as by a natural phenomenon.

What the letters show is that this genius or destiny of Lawrence developed in a relatively favorable, or at least less unfavorable, environment before the war. There are touching, generous letters in the early section: to Edward Garnett and other friends. Lawrence's judgment is more kindly and catholic. And there is a cycle of letters inspired by the relationship with Frieda Lawrence which are among the great positive expressions, glowing and deep, of true personal connection in this world.

At this point it is worth touching on one of the many controversial issues which have followed—as they also preceded—the death of Lawrence. It will be a long time before a just biography of the strange, contrary, powerful little genius will be written; for the present one must make the best of partisan recollections and interpretations, and these letters, more than 800 pages of them, justly edited by Aldous Huxley, provide the most unbiased documents to date. Concerning one issue—the matter of Lawrence's own sexual potency, so treacherously stigmatized by J. M. Murry—if the internal evidence of his novels were not already sufficiently convincing, the letters should be positive in their implication. Lawrence may not have been violently masculine, but that he was a "sexual failure" is unthinkable.

After the war—from 1917 to 1921 there is almost a hiatus in the letters as there was in his writing—the tone becomes more crotchety and exasperated; the poses are more violent and often ridiculous. There is a very laughable and often inexcusable side to Lawrence. At times he would give to no other man alive or dead credit for insight or disinterestedness. Again, he would be carried away by a word or phrase; and then reject one set for another. Thus at one point he has no use for the word "sex"; the word "phallic" is all that has meaning for him. And ever and again he is gospelizing to the host of lady friends with whom he carried on an enormous correspondence, solving all their problems for them, teaching in their midst like a precocious Hebrew prophet at a Ladies' Aid Society.

Yet he was half aware of this side of himself, and once wrote to Edward Garnett that it was "only when the deep feeling doesn't find its way out, and a sort of jeer comes instead, and sentimentality, and purplism." In spite of all this, and in spite of the travail of the transitional times in which he lived, Lawrence's genius did "find its way out." The letters make it easier to trace the history of his "compulsions." Often, later, they took the form of external "shocks" and opposition. There were no great, fully formed novels later like "Sons and Lovers" and "The Rainbow." But he was true to his field, which was the vivifying and purifying of the sensory basis of life, a reknitting of integrity in a sphere where men, one way or another, have always tended to make things piece-meal. (Politically or socially he generally talked nonsense.) But in this field the flow never really stopped, but coursed livingly into many ducts; and then gathered itself to a head again in the late achievements: "Lady Chatterley," "The Escaped Cock" ("The Man Who Died"), and his pictures. The letters show his uncompromising clinging to his genius, and though they are exasperated often at internal and external buffetings, they never whine, as so many literary men have done in our day. Late in his life he wrote, with characteristic spunk: "I wish I could paint a picture that would just *kill* every cowardly and ill-minded person that looks at it. My word, what a slaughter!"

FERNER NUHN

## Effective Propaganda

*To Make My Bread.* By Grace Lumpkin. The Macaulay Company. \$2.

THIS is an unpretentious first novel written in a simple and matter-of-fact prose, and yet reading it has been a more real, more satisfying experience than that which almost any other recent work of fiction has given me. In analyzing this response there seems to be no one feature of the novel that I can isolate as accounting for its appeal; certainly it is not the form of the book that makes it valuable for me, or the persons who are described in it, or the general point of view it expresses. On the contrary, reading it has made me realize the unimportance for a full response of what we commonly call form; it has brought home forcibly that words such as form or structure or characterization or style are only the terms, and rather vague and awkward terms, that we use to explain the satisfaction, the peculiar emotional and intellectual appeasement, that a work of art gives us. No doubt its discussion of the times and the problems that are at present so terribly urgent, and of the emotions they call up in most of us, contributes a good deal to the appeal of the novel, for it is a story of the struggle for livelihood in society as it is now organized. Moreover, it is the work of a young writer to whom the pivotal reality necessary for an understanding of social relationships is the class struggle; one to whom the first answer for the problems of society is the overthrow of the dominant class and the ownership of the means of production by the workers. As such, too, it has a special significance, for in spite of all that is being written and talked about proletarian and revolutionary literature, there are few concrete examples of it in our writing to which the critic can refer—or few he can refer to without an apology for the difficulties that lie in the way of the creation of such an art.

There are two great movements, social in character, described in "To Make My Bread," and everything that happens is related to them. The first is the transfer of the characters from farmers to mill-hands, and the second is the intellectual and emotional development of the workers to the point where they are conscious of the class struggle. Grace Lumpkin begins her novel with a careful picture of the sort of life her characters lead as farmers; they are extremely poor; they are ignorant; their view of the world and of their own place in it is narrow and confused. A family is her unit, and she establishes her characters first as individuals, with full deference to their individual differences and to their personal responses, no matter how highly colored or idiosyncratic, to the situations in which they are placed. When they leave the mountains for the factories, driven out by the hardships they have endured and by the coming of a lumber company, the migration is made to seem a definite change in the way of living, and the characters become less individuals than representatives of their time and class and general background. In the factory they meet a new kind of oppression in their struggle for livelihood; only the most callous and the most brutal among them can succeed, for only the most callous and brutal can meet the demands that their employers make of them. When they finally organize for their own protection, there is a swift and savage attack on them by the forces they had been led to believe represented law and order; and the novel ends when the antagonisms of society are so clear as to be unmistakable, when the class struggle is shown to be as real in its influence on actions as the law of gravitation.

In the early scenes, in the mountains, the prose is slow in tempo and rich in sensuous impressions; the personal responses of the characters to what happens and what they see are analyzed with considerable attention to the unique importance they

have to those directly involved. But as the story develops, these personal responses lose their value. In the early scenes a momentary mood or a personal humiliation calls up a detailed examination, but at last, in the full tide of happenings, when a strike is on and the forces of society are openly in conflict, a murder or a savage attack is presented as a mere episode in a struggle which is only beginning. At the same time the prose changes from detailed analysis and the elaboration of incident to simple, factual statement, concrete and powerful. As the strikers are driven from one place to another, and as their meetings are broken up, the writing becomes a narrative of events:

And they were still there when men with white arm-bands came. Tom, Moore, Ora, and about a hundred others were arrested and taken away in cars to the jail. But some of the white-banded men stayed. They went down to the tents and drove the children and women out, so that they ran about under the trees, until they got into the open, where they wandered all night hunting for a place to stay.

"To Make My Bread" is propaganda, and what is more it is very good, very effective propaganda; I cannot imagine how anyone could read it and not be moved by it.

ROBERT CANTWELL

## A Contemporary Mind

*The Five Fold Screen.* By William Plomer. Coward-McCann. Limited edition. \$2.

ONE might expect a book of verse the author of which is William Plomer and the title of which carries such distinctly Oriental associations to have something of an Eastern character. And, indeed, certain poems recall, though faintly, the effect of some of Waley's translations. It may be a trick of cadence; it may be the capacity for bringing home to the reader the peculiar quality of a given hour; once it is a bit of quiet moralizing without prosing, such as was the gift of those old poets. But the chief lesson that both the Chinese and the Japanese would seem to have for us—the ability to achieve much with small means—Mr. Plomer has not quite mastered. He can create atmosphere, but he can also destroy it by over-emphasis or merely by not knowing where to stop. He can point a necessary moral, but sometimes he wags his finger over it a bit too solemnly.

The title of the book is misleading, but not without significance. The background of these verses is not, as it suggests, the Flowery Kingdom. But the five parts into which this handsomely made volume is divided do compose a fluent if separable pattern, such as one discovers on a well-designed screen. The first section is from the viewpoint of the Man in the Street—a man with Mr. Plomer's observant eye and acute sensibility; the second is What the Tourist Saw—the tourist being much the same sort of man; the third part takes us to South Africa, the fourth to the Levant (and includes a few delightful adaptations from the modern Greek), while the last consists of three not unusual, yet appealing love lyrics; and all five parts unite to form a delicate, involute figure representing the mind of the poet. It is the mind of a sensitive, cultivated, widely traveled person, not altogether different, one suspects, from the contemporary whose epitaph he writes in a long poem which is at once sardonic and sympathetic. This contemporary

... was not shot for opposing the revolution;  
Indeed, he had seen that it had to happen,  
Did nothing against it, and held his tongue,  
And hearing the first bombs explode, sighed.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

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## Shorter Notices

*The Infinite Longing.* By Marie Verhoeven Schmitz. Translated from the Dutch by G. J. Renier. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

More entertaining than convincing is this story of the reversal of fortune and change of heart of Adam Heemdrift, head of the great Dutch banking house of Heemdrift and Company. Though he is Fortune's darling, married to a beautiful woman, and plentifully endowed with worldly goods, Adam is subject to vague stirrings of dissatisfaction, a feeling that his material success does not represent the reality his spirit craves. This reality he finds only when, having broken with his wife and plunged his bank to ruin and himself into prison through dishonest speculation, he emerges and throws himself into the humblest occupations. His greatest ecstasy is achieved at the end of the book, when he has become a blind, violin-playing beggar cared for by a sympathetic but tubercular prostitute. Now, when it comes to individual passages, notably those dealing with her hero's disgust with his gilded surroundings and those describing night life in cafes, Miss Schmitz writes vividly and smoothly. Especially effective is the restrained sensuousness of her style. But in its larger implications "The Infinite Longing" falls somewhat short of its mark. The conversion of an exceptionally ruthless financier into an exceptionally spiritual beggar is a hard pill to swallow, and the author's sugar-coating of plausibility is inadequate. After all, Adam's change of life was not voluntary, and one feels that even a chastened ruler must occasionally look back to the good old champagne days with a speck of infinite longing. Certainly the reader does.

*Lost Lectures, or the Fruits of Experience.* By Maurice Baring. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

Only four out of these fourteen papers have been actually read in public; the others are "talks delivered to imaginary audiences," which means that they are informal essays. Most of them contain threads of reminiscence and some are wholly autobiographical, so that the collection forms a supplement to Mr. Baring's "The Puppet Show of Memory." The pages have the charm of urbanity and wit, except in those rare moments when the author grows serious, as he does over the greatness of Pushkin. Scattered confessions of likes and dislikes in the arts are so numerous that one could assemble them into a fairly accurate chart of Mr. Baring's cultural taste. He is old-fashioned enough to prefer poetry that is intelligible at first reading, and sufficiently modern to defend the use of the split infinitive for emphasis and to employ now and then a preposition to end a sentence with. Despite his assertion that to those who were young in the London of the famous nineties "there seemed to be nothing at all unusual about the place," there is evidence that the period left its impress upon him.

*Making a President.* By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

Of the articles here collected, the first, describing the clown show of national conventions in general, appeared originally in the *American Mercury*; the others are mainly day-to-day reports from the Chicago battlefield printed originally in the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. They are vigorous and shrewd and full of masterly invective, and of course admirable specimens of sheer reporting. For the most part Mr. Mencken's sentences are here as sound and firm as ever and his cadences as sure, despite the fact that most of the articles were turned out under pressure, and often after very little sleep. A preface describes these conditions in detail.

## Architecture

### The Closing of the Bauhaus

FOR the second time in the past ten years the Bauhaus in Germany has been closed by political decree. A Nazi burgomaster and his council, for the time being ruling the city of Dessau, home of the Bauhaus, took exception to the conception of culture that was being taught. It had come to be international instead of pure German; it was increasingly rationalist instead of the outgrowth of vague mystical groping; it was suspected of being tinged with economic radicalism.

So once more there comes a pause in the career of what has become perhaps the leading architectural school of the present day. At a time when the Beaux-Arts in Paris survives by virtue only of the sentimental support accorded by its American "old boys," the Bauhaus has come to occupy a position similar to that held by the Beaux-Arts in its palmy days: the center of enthusiasm, of the greatest designing gifts, of the active molding ideas of its time. Though the Bauhaus was organized as a school of all the fine arts, with painters on its staff, and modern sculptors, photographers, and cinematographers, it is architecture that has been held central, with the other arts ancillary; and the great glass box that the school has occupied since it moved to Dessau after its last suppression at Weimar has come, even in our own belated country, to serve as a sort of trademark.

For the director, Mies van der Rohe, the suppression is an ironical event, for no other prominent progressive architect in Germany has paid less attention to politics. Perhaps this is a postmortem Nazi revenge on the former director, the Communist Hannes Meyer. At any rate the Nazis appear to be displaying a sound instinct. For them to hate the Bauhaus and all its works would seem natural. The technique or manner it has helped to foster is one that appeals, paradoxically, to those mutual opponents, the leaders of the massed workmen and the aristocrats of wealth. For the pudgy-fudgy middle class that makes up the nucleus of Herr Hitler's Nazi hordes it can have little appeal. The aristocrat likes to feel, in accordance with principles already expounded by Thorstein Veblen, that he can afford to dispense with gewgaw and ornament, because his designer commands the superior art of perfect proportion, pure form, an absolutely competent grasp of functions, impeccable taste in colors, textures, and materials—and then the necessary and appropriately expensive force of trained workmen to finish his building with the flawlessness which its nudity demands. Only the perfect body can dispense with clothes. Yet at the other end of the scale, quite opposed to this elegance or preciousness, to which Mies van der Rohe gives the richest expression and Le Corbusier the most exciting, there stand the socialistic workers, with their own rough and ready version of the same "style" worked out for them by architects interested primarily in sociology and in mass housing. They too will forgo gewgaw and romantic pretense, because these are essentially perquisites of the bourgeoisie. They will be proud of rational houses, all very similar: equal premises will lead to equal results for all; moreover, to secure for every German citizen the decent house to which the constitution of the German Republic is pledged, there must be utterly rational organization and no waste. With democracy grows science. Then, too, a country such as Germany, flattened by defeat—so ran the argument in the early days—can rise again only by grim attention to work, such as shall impress her neighbors with the German masses' pacific sincerity.

From Hitler, the pudgy hero, and all his fuzzy hordes

neither of these attitudes can receive any affection, because they are both directed straight at his existence. The closing of the Bauhaus, at the present juncture, is therefore—if I read the confused events aright—in the nature of fate, and there can be no use in protests.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

## Drama

### Prodigal Enough

**T**HOSE of my readers who bother to retain such things may possibly remember that I am not particularly devoted to the musical revue as a form of entertainment. In the first place, I like my fun a little more consecutive, and in the second place, I am no longer one bit surprised when trunks, eggs, powder boxes, and other large objects burst open at the tenor's high note and reveal the presence of a bevy of girls who must have been a good deal more uncomfortable than they manage to look when they smile out at us across the foot-lights. I might, however, just as well confess that there is another more intimate and perhaps more important reason—namely, that I find women more interesting one by one than I do en masse.

Now I fancy that there is nothing particularly unusual about this. One does not need to be fanatically monogamous to feel that even the more reprehensible forms assumed by an interest in the opposite sex are more attractive when they are directed toward an object which is individual and isolated, even if temporary. Yet this is a psychological fact which the whole scheme of the revue fails to take into account. Those who devised it seem to have proceeded on the assumption that twenty-five girls are just twenty-five times more intoxicating than one, whereas, as a matter of fact, they are only one twenty-fifth as difficult to contemplate with equanimity. And if this is true of Woman considered as a whole, it is true, *a fortiori*, of those anatomical details about which a revue is constructed. One female leg—or, not to be fanatical, a pair of them—is a more absorbing sight than fifty, and that goes even more assuredly for those other features which the stage, growing more and more sophisticated, has tended more and more frankly to utilize for its effects. Even lust, if it is worthy of that fine old name, draws its strength from the illusion that there is something unique, surprising, almost incredible, about the contours of its object. Nothing is more likely to take off its edge than the realization that the features of the beloved are approximately repeated in all of God's female creatures. And yet the twenty-five ladies of the undraped chorus seem to be brought forth for the purpose of establishing the cynical proposition that one woman is very much like another. If I could come away from a revue with a shamefully vivid impression of the more intimate charms of one chorus girl, I might be disturbed with evil thoughts; but a merely confused impression of four dozen legs, breasts, and thighs leaves me all but indifferent to objects so common. Can it be that the entrepreneurs are unconsciously motivated by a suppressed but not ineffective puritanism? Can it be that they are trying to prove that Woman is much less interesting than generally supposed?

Doubtless it is because I feel thus that I sometimes find it difficult to distinguish between a good revue and a poor one, or that, at least, I find the difference insufficiently important to be enlarged upon at great length. Consider, for example, the case of the new "Vanities" (Earl Carroll Theater). It seems to have been the general opinion of my confreres that it was not quite so good as it ought to be. Yet I am not sure that I myself would have noticed any significant difference be-

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tween it and any of its ten predecessors. The troupe of Jackson Girls, after emerging from a line of trunks, dance with the mechanical perfection which we have come to expect; Mr. Carroll's galaxy of beauties, long limbed and callipygian, exhibit their charms with the same gracious unreserve which has always been characteristic of them; and, to come to higher matters, there are one or two funny sketches, as well as a remarkable gentleman who performs a bewildering series of tricks with a lighted cigarette. What more does one expect when one goes to a revue? So far as I am concerned, the "Vanities" is a good show—as such shows go.

"Ol' Man Satan" (Forrest Theater) purports to be an account of the rise and fall of the devil as presented by a Negro mammy to an inquiring pickaninny. To say that it was inspired by "Green Pastures" would be to pay it an undeserved compliment, since it is, all too obviously, not "inspired" at all. Very evidently, however, its author did his best to copy the Bradford-Connelly play without coming anywhere near success, and except for the songs there is nothing in "Ol' Man Satan" to make it either impressive or interesting. Perhaps, however, it might lead one to speculate concerning the strange difference between ordinary and "artistic" sincerity, or upon the equally strange fact that to be close to a thing does not necessarily mean that one is able to understand it. Two white men wrote a play about Negroes which was generally, and I think properly, recognized as remarkably "authentic." Thereupon a group of Negroes attempt to do the same thing and the result is painfully factitious and false.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Some Notable Fall Books

### ART, ARCHITECTURE

- Geddes, Norman-Bel. *Horizons*. Little, Brown. \$6.  
Ladd, Henry A. *The Victorian Morality of Art*. Long and Smith. \$3.  
Maholy-Nagy, L. *The New Vision*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$5.  
Rank, Otto. *Art and Artist*. Trans. Charles Francis Atkinson. Knopf. \$5.  
Russell-Hitchcock, Jr., Henry. *Romantic Gardens*. Brewer, Warren and Putnam. \$5.  
Simonson, Lee. *The Stage Is Set*. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.  
Ward, Lynd. *Wild Pilgrimage*. Novel in woodcuts. Smith and Haas. \$3.

### BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS, LETTERS

- Austin, Mary. *Earth Horizon*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.  
Barrington, E. *Anne Boleyn*. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.  
Bates, Ernest Sutherland and Dittmore, John V. *Mary Baker Eddy*. Knopf. \$4.  
Beals, Carleton. *Porfirio Díaz*. Lippincott. \$4.  
Belloc, Hilaire. *Napoleon*. Lippincott. \$4.  
Benson, E. F. *Charlotte Brontë*. Longmans, Green. \$4.  
Bianchi, Martha Dickinson. *Emily Dickinson Face to Face*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.50.  
Blunden, Edmund, Ervine, St. John, West, Rebecca, and Others. *Great Victorians*. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.  
Bowers, Claude G. *Beveridge and the Progressive Era*. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.  
Bradford, Gamaliel. *Biography and the Human Heart*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.  
Browne, Lewis. *Blessed Spinoza*. Macmillan. \$3.50.  
Buchan, John. *Sir Walter Scott*. Coward-McCann. \$3.75.  
Buchan, John. *Julius Caesar*. Appleton. \$2.  
Buckle, George Earle, Ed. *The Letters of Queen Victoria*. Vol. III. Longmans, Green. \$9.

- Butler, Samuel. *Butleriana*. A. T. Bartholomew, Ed. Random House. \$4.  
Carswell, Catherine. *The Savage Pilgrimage. A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence*. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.  
Cazamian, Louis. *Carlyle*. Trans. E. K. Brown. Macmillan. \$2.50.  
Chapman, R. W. *The Letters of Jane Austen*. Oxford. \$12.50.  
Chesterton, G. K. *Chaucer*. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.  
Chevalier, Haakon M. *The Ironie Temper. Anatole France and His Time*. Oxford. \$3.50.  
Churchill, Winston. *Amid These Storms*. Scribner. \$3.50.  
Clark, Bennett Champ. *John Quincy Adams*. Little, Brown. \$3.75.  
Cocteau, Jean. *Opium*. Trans. Ernest Boyd. Longmans, Green. \$2.  
Cooper, Duff. *Talleyrand*. Harper. \$3.50.  
Craig, Edith and St. John, Christopher. *Ellen Terry's Memoirs*. Putnam. \$3.50.  
De Kruif, Paul. *Men Against Death*. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50.  
De Pourtales, Guy. *Wagner*. Trans. J. Lewis May. Harper. \$4.  
De Voto, Bernard. *Mark Twain's America*. Little, Brown. \$4.  
Dexter, Walter, Ed. *Dickens to His Oldest Friend. Letters*. Putnam. \$5.  
Dobell, Clifford. *Antony Van Leeuwenhoek*. Harcourt, Brace. \$7.50.  
Ernst, James. *Roger Williams*. Macmillan. \$4.  
Fisher, Frederick B. *That Strange Little Brown Man Gandhi*. Long and Smith. \$2.50.  
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Hendrick, Burton J. *The Life of Andrew Carnegie*. Doubleday, Doran. 2 vols. \$7.50.  
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- Lamb, Harold. Nur Mahal. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.  
 Lewis, Lloyd. Sherman: Fighting Prophet. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.  
 Linderman, Frank B. Red Mother. Day. \$3.  
 Lockridge, Richard. Darling of Misfortune. Century. \$3.50.  
 Lowry, Howard F., Ed. The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough. Oxford. \$3.  
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 Maurois, André. Voltaire. Trans. Hamish Miles. Appleton. \$2.  
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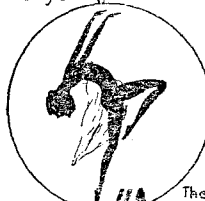
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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